

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1914.

Summary of the News

The Mexican situation in its relation to the United States remains unchanged, and there has been nothing to confirm the report published in some of last Friday's papers that President Wilson contemplates any change of policy. Fighting began around Torreon on Saturday afternoon, Villa capturing Bermejillo after a running fight of sixteen miles. On the following day the rebel troops entered Brittingham, which is only nine miles from Torreon proper, and after hard fighting on Monday and Tuesday they took possession of Gomez Palacio, a strongly fortified position three miles from Torreon on the northern side. It seems to be established that the Federal forces are considerably inferior in numbers to those of Villa. At Eagle Pass, Tex., on Monday there was an insignificant clash between an American patrol and some Mexican Federals, due to the latter, who were pursuing some Constitutionals, having directed their fire to the American side.

Opposition to the repeal of the exemption clause in the Panama Canal Tolls bill has developed considerably, and filibustering tactics have been employed to delay its consideration. It cannot be taken up in the House until the Rivers and Harbors bill is out of the way, and although that measure received the right of way on Monday, following an agreement among Democrats in the House, progress with it is so slow that it is doubtful when the Tolls bill will be taken up. The President, however, expresses confidence that the free tolls provision will be repealed.

Statements were issued on Saturday by Attorney-General McReynolds and Howard Elliott, chairman of the New Haven Railway, that an agreement had been reached between the Government and the line for the reorganization of the system so as to prevent a suit under the Sherman act. Certain important concessions have been granted to the New Haven, notably an extension of time for the sale of the Boston & Maine line. Chairman Elliott in his statement expressed the belief that the settlement would have a beneficial effect on the industrial situation in New England.

The Indiana Democratic State Committee on March 19 unanimously adopted a plank endorsing a State-wide primary law. The popular support thus accorded President Wilson was the more significant in view of the fact that all of the Taggart nominees were subsequently chosen.

The proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution extending the suffrage to women was rejected in the Senate on March 19 by a vote of 35 to 34 in favor of the resolution, a two-thirds affirmative vote being necessary for its passage. An amendment offered by Senator Vardaman

to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment granting the franchise to negroes was lost by a vote of 48 to 19, and one by Senator Williams of Mississippi excluding negro women from the woman's suffrage amendment was rejected by a vote of 44 to 21.

In its report for the fiscal year ending December 31 last, the United States Steel Corporation records the largest turnover of business of any year in its history. The gross earnings last year were \$796,894,299, as compared with \$745,505,515 in 1912 and \$757,014,767 in 1907, the best previous year in point of revenue.

The announcement was made on Friday of last week that Robert Lansing, of New York, and Cone Johnson, of Texas, would be appointed respectively counsellor and solicitor of the State Department in succession to John Bassett Moore and Joseph W. Folk.

The situation in Ulster, which appeared extremely grave at the end of last week, has cleared somewhat. On Friday, following the debate in the House of Commons and the departure of Sir Edward Carson for Belfast, the Government started moving troops into the province. A number of officers, understanding the movement as a preliminary to war, took advantage of the option said to have been given and resigned their commissions. Premier Asquith issued a statement to the *Times* on Monday declaring that the situation had been misunderstood, and that the movement of the troops was a purely precautionary measure. In the House of Commons on the same day he repeated his assurances, and the Secretary for War added a brief statement that the resignations from the army had been due to a misunderstanding and the officers had been ordered to rejoin their regiments. Throughout the crisis there have been no disturbances either in Ulster itself or in the rest of Ireland.

The British naval estimates for 1914-15, which were announced in the House of Commons on March 17, amount to \$257,750,000, an increase over those of last year of \$13,700,000. Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, in explaining the estimates, stated that the increase was due principally to the change to oil fuel, to the establishment of a naval flying corps, and to the increased pay of the personnel of the navy. He held out hopes, however, that "in the absence of any new policy" the estimates for next year might be substantially lower. The rivalry with Germany was mentioned frankly, Mr. Churchill declaring that it is the aim of Great Britain to complete eight battle squadrons by the time Germany has five.

According to dispatches received from South Africa the Labor party has made considerable gains in the elections throughout the Transvaal. The success of the Laborites is particularly noticeable in the Rand district, and the result is regarded as a condemnation of the Government for its action in deporting the strike

leaders. It is asserted also that the Labor victories indicate that the Boers have lost control in the Transvaal.

The Caillaux case arising out of the shooting of Gaston Calmette, editor of *Figaro*, by Mme. Caillaux promises to develop into another Government scandal. Following the resignation of M. Caillaux from the Doumergue government and the readjustment of the Cabinet came the resignation of ex-Premier Monis, who held the portfolio of Minister of Marine. Statements were made in the Chamber that while M. Monis was Premier he had influenced the public prosecutor to postpone the trial of Henri Rochette, who was charged with having swindled the public out of enormous sums of money. Before the investigating committee of the Chamber of Deputies Caillaux and Monis have given evidence directly contradicting each other. The Royalist party has seized upon the Caillaux case as a pretext for anti-republican demonstrations, and it is charged that Caillaux and other members of the Radical party have used their political opportunities to accumulate large fortunes.

The new Italian Cabinet formed by Signor Salandra, former Minister of the Treasury, in succession to the Giolitti Cabinet, has been completed. The Premier assumes also the portfolio of Minister of the Interior, and the Marquis di San Giuliano, who was spoken of in connection with the premiership, becomes Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Greece's naval programme announced by the Minister of Marine in the Chamber of Deputies on March 19 is to include three battleships of the Dreadnought type, three armored cruisers, and lighter craft. The Minister of Marine emphasized the determination of the country to maintain the supremacy at sea gained as a result of the Balkan wars.

Half of the Greek loan of \$100,000,000 was issued on March 18. On Saturday the French Government authorized an issue of \$35,000,000 for the French market, and the remaining \$15,000,000 will be issued in England.

The deadlock between the two houses of the Japanese Parliament arising out of the naval graft scandals resulted on Monday in the issue of a decree by the Emperor suspending the sessions for three days. Since Parliament adjourned yesterday in the ordinary course, the Emperor's action is equivalent to a prorogation. The deadlock arose out of the failure of the conference committee of both houses to agree on the respective amendments for the reduction of the naval estimates. As the budget has not been passed the situation is a serious one.

The deaths of the week include: William Paterson, March 18; Adolph F. A. Bandelier, Prof. Giuseppe Mercalli, March 19; Wilton Lockwood, March 20; John Norris, March 21; Harry Thurston Peck, March 23.

The Week

President Wilson was well advised in consenting to the publication of the informal talk which he gave the Washington Press Club on Friday. The country will have read with interest and a new understanding Mr. Wilson's account of the very human embarrassments of his office. Compelled to wreak himself upon his work, to order his day rigidly, and to shut out as many haphazard interrupters as possible, the President has been acquiring the reputation of one austere and aloof, merely a thinking machine, a man of mystery. But in Mr. Wilson's frank disclosure of his inmost thought about all this, we perceive that he is throughout keeping his genial interest in everything that is human, though obliged to hold it, as it were, under cover. His humorous description of his own feelings about it all, his explanation of his frequent desire to cease to be a dignified official and to become a mere man again, and his unbosoming himself of his constant fear of making blunders, constitute delightful reading. The whole is a touch of nature which will make his countrymen feel more kin with President Wilson.

The sub-committee of the House Judiciary Committee which has been considering the relations of Representative McDermott, of Illinois, with the lobbying activities of the National Association of Manufacturers reports a lack of evidence such as would justify his expulsion, but recommends the adoption of a resolution declaring that the House "strongly condemns" his conduct, and pronouncing him "guilty of acts of grave impropriety." As these acts, according to the report, include not only "his associations with M. M. Mulhall, a lobbyist of the National Association of Manufacturers," but also "accepting loans of large sums of money from Horning, a pawnbroker, and from Harvey, a member of the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association, both of whom were vitally interested in legislation pending before Congress," it cannot be said that the sub-committee is too harsh in its characterization; indeed, a not altogether inconceivable standard of personal honor might suggest the voluntary resignation of the gentleman from Illinois. Fortunately, the report was unanimous.

There seems to be general agreement that the provisional settlement which has been arranged between the Government and the New Haven Company is the best thing that was possible in the circumstances. Mr. Brandeis is quoted as saying of it that "the people of New England are to be congratulated." President Elliott, of the New Haven, feels satisfied that the amicable adjustment arrived at has the merit of giving "ample time for the protection of the company's property," and of recognizing New England's need of "peace and a chance for constructive work." Much is still left open for decision, but both sides seem confident that the completion of the programme will involve no serious difficulty. The whole story of the New Haven, from the time that it entered upon its policy of sweeping aggrandizement, forms one of the most significant episodes in American railway history, and the last chapters in it have been, in more ways than one, of a tragic character. The company is now at last facing away from that troubled past, and the thousands who are affected by its fortunes and by its proper management must feel a long-wished-for sense of relief.

The most notable victory that peace has scored in decades, if reports say true, has aroused surprisingly little comment. Perhaps this is due to the well-nigh incredible nature of the report, for it is nothing less than that the line officers of the navy have yielded to the staff officers in the long dispute whether the latter should have military titles. Who has forgotten the tempest that raged so fiercely a few years ago when a mere surgeon was put in charge of a hospital ship? What jests and gibes were made over the kind of orders that a surgeon would issue to those having to do with the navigation of the vessel! The line officers saw nothing but immediate disaster to the whole naval establishment if such a condition was to be allowed. Nor were they so weak as to be impressed by the argument that in the army the staff officers had military titles. After all, the army is only the army, while the navy—well, the two words require to be pronounced in very different tones. And now the line has surrendered. Simple folk belonging neither to the line nor to the staff will wonder what these rival defenders of our

liberties will do without their familiar bone of contention, but the signing of the treaty of peace between them must make the President face the Mexican problem with a smile.

The contest for the Alabama Senatorship between Oscar Underwood and Richmond Hobson goes on its interminable course. As there is no real issue involved, the struggle has degenerated into one of personalities. As usual, the unfortunate negro has been dragged in and Alabamians were besought to defeat Underwood because, thanks to him, half a dozen black men hold minor places on the pay-roll of the House of Representatives—thus endangering the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race—until it appeared that Hobson himself had appointed a colored bootblack or barber for a House committee. Then, going from black men to white women, the horrible charge was made by the Underwoodites that Hobson conferred with Jane Addams and other leaders of the National Suffrage Association, who, be it known, are plotting to overthrow negro disfranchisement in the South by getting Congress to enfranchise all women by a Constitutional amendment. Naturally, Hobson indignantly denied this sordid charge, so galling to a Southerner's honor, and retorted that his opponent is the agent of the Whiskey Trust. Ridiculous as all this is, it is undeniable that Hobson has won the support of Prohibitionists and temperance workers in extraordinary degree; to them he is a great national figure.

Partisanship is never so offensive as in the administration of workmen's compensation acts. Yet the law which passed the Kentucky Legislature just before adjournment was opposed by men fired with the same zeal as those who insisted that the New York Commission should be bi-partisan. They alleged that the governing board, composed of the Attorney-General and Commissioners of Labor and Insurance, would "be enabled to build up a political machine." This frightened no one, and a bill which had the support of labor and enlightened capital went through unchanged. Modelled on the Ohio law, it is optional in nature, provides a State insurance fund, and sets the maximum death indemnity at \$3,750, and the maximum weekly payment for injury at \$12. The laws of the

two other important States which dealt with workmen's compensation in 1913 show how variant are ideas, not merely upon the question of partisanship in the administrators of the State fund, but upon who these persons shall be. In Connecticut there are five Commissioners, of whom it is stipulated merely that one shall be appointed from each Congressional district. In Oregon three industrial accident commissioners are appointed by the Governor, and it is provided that not more than two shall belong to the same party.

Ex-Commissioner Worcester's gloomy letter in the *New York Times* on the 361 American employees who have been displaced in the Philippine service calls for distinctions. Dealing with so large a number of officials, it is mainly directed at the dismissal of men in inferior posts. Yet in the happy days when he himself served in the islands, it was the avowed endeavor of the Administration to put natives in subordinate positions as fast as they qualified. What he now protests against is, therefore, an enlargement of the old policy; and this in face of assurances from the new régime that competence is insisted upon in the Filipino appointees. And a considerable part of the dismissals, as Mr. Worcester admits in veiled language, is traceable to a new and praiseworthy striving after economy. The last issue of *The Filipino People*, in editorial comment on the first successful passage of a General Appropriations bill in three years, which President Wilson signalized by a congratulatory telegram, explains that the long deadlock between Assembly and Commission was due to the latter's insistence upon "useless and unjustifiable expenditures" for a crowded executive force. In reductions of force, as well as of salaries, a million dollars annually is to be saved the poor *tao* whom the ex-Commissioner would have us believe the politicians are bleeding. Dismissal on insufficient notice may have worked hardship in some cases; but his blanket indictment involves self-contradictions.

Ex-President Eliot's eightieth birthday on Friday passed without formal celebration. The day found him in "fine health and good spirits," and full of the keenest enjoyment of what he has called the "durable satisfactions of life."

Mr. Eliot is to New England what John Bigelow was to New York—its First Citizen. Year by year he has been showing how one may reach great age with unflagging energies and complete devotion to public questions. He declined the London Embassy chiefly because he could do more useful work at home; and on subjects connected with peace and war, education and morals, as well as on social issues, he speaks constantly to an enormous audience. Nothing that he has ever said is clearer and more incisive than his recent analysis of the labor unions, pointing out how the whole movement places its emphasis on the wrong things. He was free to say, what many public men feel but dare not utter, that the trades unionism of today is objectionable on moral and educational grounds, even after proper recognition of its achievements in raising wages, shortening hours, and improving conditions of labor. Physically, Mr. Eliot is erect and vigorous—a wonderful example of what happens when an intellectually intense life is coupled with normal and sensible care of the body.

The splendid conduct of the Wellesley girls at the big fire so centred public attention as largely to relegate to the background, for the time being, the loss suffered by the College. In many ways that loss is irreparable; dispatches tell, for instance, of researches carried on for years and of great value to science, the records and results of which have been destroyed. But this should serve to remind the public, and especially the persons of large means who are in the habit of responding generously to any call in behalf of a good public cause, that the College is absolutely crippled, and that it has earned by four decades of good work the hearty assistance that it so desperately needs in this emergency. It must not only erect new buildings to take the place of the old central building that was destroyed, but must provide entirely new equipment for its laboratories and build up its library and its museums afresh. We have not heard of any systematic endeavor to obtain funds for these purposes, though Bishop Lawrence, the chairman of the executive committee, issued a statement soon after the fire, setting forth the prosstrate condition of the College. In this he pointed out that, owing to the obsolete nature of the construction of the

central building, it had been impossible to place insurance corresponding to anything like the value to the College of the building and its contents. We feel confident that an appeal to the enlightened liberality of those interested in the higher education will meet with a generous response.

The process of deterioration which is supposed to set in with the second generation of great fortune-owners in this country is not so widespread as one is led to imagine. The victory over England's professional court tennis champion by a rich young man argues rather exceptional physical stamina and a clean outlook upon life. The heir to America's largest fortune has devoted much of his time and his means to useful work in the field of social service. The young heir to one of the great landed fortunes in New York city has displayed a commendable interest in matters of social and civic progress. The heir to one of the largest railway fortunes in the country has given a great deal of time to coaching the university crew of his alma mater. It may be that amateur rowing or tennis or even the management of a campaign against the social evil is not an exercise conducive to the conservation of great wealth. The three generations from overalls to overalls, liberally interpreted, might still hold. But that other form of decline which we associate with the Pittsburgh school of millionaire ethics, as brilliantly exemplified in the person of Harry K. Thaw, is apparently far from universal among the children of the very rich.

The closing words of Mr. Asquith's speech in the House of Commons two weeks ago were as follows:

If there is one lesson more clear than another, taught by the history of this ancient Kingdom of ours, it is that the union with us of law and of liberty has its source, and in moments of supreme urgency has its sanction, in the corporate sense of common interests and common responsibilities. There are times, and I believe this is one of them, in which we ought all of us to be ready to sacrifice much, not merely of prejudice and prepossession, but of solid and dearly cherished aims and ideals, for the paramount good of the whole. If we have been as a nation, as we may claim without boasting to have been, the pioneers in the world of popular government, it is because our people, keen, tenacious, combative, self-reliant, learned in the stress of controversy, the most acute and

apparently the most irreconcilable, to respect one another and to renounce the falsehood of extremes. This is a testing case. The best traditions of our past, no less than the undisclosed and fateful issues of the future, appeal to us to-day with imperious accents to pursue if we can the way of unity and peace.

The fine spirit of this passage, as, indeed, of the Prime Minister's entire speech, was fully recognized by his immediate audience in the House, as by the major part of press and public in England. Yet Mr. Asquith's conciliatory proposals have not been accepted, though they went so far as to lead William O'Brien to assert that the Prime Minister had consented to the erection of an Orange Free State in Ulster.

An important distinction to be made is the difference between Ulster's excuse and Ulster's reason. Freely admitting, as Mr. Asquith did, that there are historic and racial difficulties to give point to Ulster's unwillingness to come under the government of a Dublin Parliament and Executive, the practical question now is whether she is determined to fight despite the free opportunity offered her to decide whether she will accept that government or not. Ample time is given for settling the matter. The Home Rule bill will not become law before July, 1914. Under its operation, an Irish Parliament could hardly be set up before July, 1915. But the Ulster counties could, by a bare majority vote, take themselves out from under Dublin rule for six years. During that period, at least two general elections will occur, and if, as the Ulster leaders assert, the country is with them, there would be no possibility of another Imperial Parliament "riveting the Dublin fetters" upon them. Their rights and privileges are fully safeguarded. It is this fact which has made the whole burning controversy seem factitious. Ulster may be as sincere as you please, but the way in which the English Conservatives have seized upon the Ulster issue for political effect has few of the marks of candor upon it. The Ulster club was good enough to shatter the Parliament Act, and drive the Liberals out of power. So the cry was raised of a great outrage upon Ulster, which all Englishmen must resist by force of arms, if necessary. But Mr. Asquith's plan of settlement was one eminently just to Ulster, and more than fair. Yet the Conservative leaders had

gone so far and kindled such hopes in their followers that they would not draw back. They continued to talk as if the Prime Minister's proposals had not entirely altered the situation. This is party tactics, not common-sense.

It was a trifle more than impudent in Sir Edward Carson, the other day, to refer to Winston Churchill as "a politician on the make." Whatever may be the case with Mr. Churchill, Sir Edward Carson is to-day playing a political game in which the stakes are, for him, dazzling. If he wins, he becomes the unquestioned leader of the Conservative party, with the reversion of the Premiership clearly his. For it was Sir Edward Carson who devised the scheme of using Ulster discontent, skilfully fanned into Ulster resistance to the law of the land, as a means of tumbling the Home Rule bill in a heap and wrecking the Liberal Ministry. It was a daring project, which Sir Edward has thus far carried on with great tenacity; but its effect on his own political future, if he is finally successful, is so plain that it requires peculiar effrontery in him to rebuke another for being "on the make."

Mr. Winston Churchill has revolutionized naval warfare, so far as the experts are concerned, by announcing a new standard of international comparison on the sea. This time it is the fifteen-inch gun. In a reassuring speech the First Lord of the Admiralty asserted that Great Britain will have ten ships carrying these mammoth guns to Germany's two. Need anything more be said? In the naval war-game as played by the experts it is a maxim that only the biggest fighting units shall be counted, everything else being relegated to a theoretical scrap-head. The experts will undoubtedly proceed to educate themselves in the new arithmetic with characteristic zest, and the taxpayers of the nations will have to pay for the new educational course. For instance, it is only necessary for Japan to lay the keel of a single 17-inch gun battleship to make the United States navy obsolete—theoretically; and immediately we shall be called upon to balance the naval ledger on the 17-inch basis. Every war leaves behind the real lesson that arithmetic is a delusion. But the experts undismayed cling to figures. On the Continent they are now

busily engaged in comparing rows of figures as between Russia and Germany to show that both Russia and Germany must spend more money on bigger armies.

English laments over the sale to Americans of a part of the famous library of the Duke of Devonshire are natural, but ring a little hollow. Emphasis is placed by the *London Standard* on the severe pressure of English taxes, particularly the death duties, which is leading old families to part with "heirlooms of great historical and personal interest." It is hard, the *Standard* affirms, for an impoverished nobleman to refuse an offer of \$500,000 for books or works of art that he personally can get on perfectly well without. This would be especially true of one who never could speak, with Prospero, of "volumes that I prize above my dukedom." In the case of the great Devonshire library at Chatsworth, there may easily have been the added reason that the owner knew nothing whatever about the inside of his books. This was true of the late Duke. He did not even know how to get down from the gallery of the library, as is shown by the amusing story, in his *Life*, of his having to call a servant in order to show Lord Salisbury where the blind stairway was. The present Duke may be as indifferent to the contents of his rare volumes. As long ago as Dr. Johnson's day, the Dukes of Devonshire had a reputation for "dogged veracity." This may lead to a more bluntly truthful explanation of the present sale than we have yet had.

The political effects of the murder of the editor of *Figaro* may turn out to be serious for the Radical majority now in control. It is not so much that M. Calmette was editor of a journal of conservative, and virtually royalist, sentiments, and that his assassination may be made the occasion for further anti-republican "demonstrations." Of much greater consequence are the revelations now coming out of the intimate connection between politics and finance as exemplified in the Rochette case. A Government of stock-brokers is a favorite way among the anti-republican parties of describing the present Radical régime, and every little while enough comes out to justify the critics, in partisan eyes.

CHEATING AFTERTHOUGHTS.

Ex-Senator Foraker, in an address before the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce last week, argued for the right of the United States, under the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, to discriminate in favor of our coastwise vessels using the Panama Canal. The contrary opinion he sought to reduce to the absurd. Why, he exclaimed, if we cannot thus aid our domestic shipping, and, of course, cannot favor our foreign shipping, then "no advantage whatever arises out of this great national work, the construction of the Panama Canal."

We will not dwell upon the unpleasant implications of this. It might be interpreted to mean that if we have not overreached somebody, or deceived and cheated some other nation, in building the Canal, then all our labor is in vain. We do not suppose that Mr. Foraker intended this, or would approve it; though it seems to lie tacitly in his argument. But he has misread the entire history of our work on the Canal, if he is not aware that the United States protested earnestly from the first day to the last that it sought no exclusive privileges at Panama. To affirm now that we get no "advantage," if we cannot twist the treaty, is coolly to forget that we vowed to all the world that we would never seek any special advantage—except, of course, for our navy. It is this historic fact which renders the present rueful attitude of men like ex-Senator Foraker ridiculous. To make it appear that, after proclaiming for years our unselfish motives, we are now chapfallen to find that we are debarred from playing a smart trick at the expense of other nations, is to class ourselves with the England of Dr. Johnson's day. He warned his Irish friends against making a Union with England, saying that, if they did, "we shall surely rob you." He added: "We would have robbed Scotland if she had had anything worth stealing."

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty was not negotiated or ratified in a corner. We knew what we were doing, and so did all the world. In the report of Senator Davis, for the Committee on Foreign Relations, recommending ratification of the treaty, he made it perfectly clear that we were setting up no "selfish motive of gain." To do that, he said, would be "unworthy of the United States, even if we owned the country through which

the Canal is to be built." And on the question of adopting the Suez rules for neutralization and entire equality of treatment, he said explicitly that this country could not oppose them "without discrediting the official declarations of our Government for fifty years." But California was alert then, as she is today, to the possibility of selfish gain through the Canal. Senator Bard, of California, moved to amend the treaty by adding the clause: "The United States reserves the right . . . to discriminate in favor of vessels of its own citizens engaged in the coastwise trade." But the Senate voted this down. There could hardly be plainer proof that the treaty was not then believed to convey the right which it is now sought to read into it.

Our virtuous protestations of disinterestedness never rose higher than at the time the Panama Zone was forcibly seized. That act was felt to need every justification possible. It was seen that if, in addition to "taking" the Isthmus, we were to use it and the Canal to the prejudice of the world's commerce, this country would look not only very like a pirate—that we did not so much mind in those days—but like a low-down trickster. Accordingly, no one was more emphatic in asseverating our unselfishness than President Roosevelt. In his message to Congress of January, 1904, he declared: "If ever a Government could be said to have received a mandate from civilization to effect an object the accomplishment of which was demanded in the interest of mankind, the United States holds that position with regard to the interoceanic canal." That was the tenor of all the talk at that time. We would hear of nothing except "the interest of mankind." Now we have waked up to the interest of our ship-owners! As they cannot get a direct subsidy, argues Mr. Foraker, we must give them one indirectly, by means of a remission of Canal tolls, or else confess that we didn't drive a sharp bargain when we had the chance to.

The question has sometimes been put, rhetorically, what would the United States do if the shoe were on the other foot, and if it were England that was striving to evade the apparently plain requirement of a treaty? It is not necessary to confine ourselves to hypothesis. The thing has actually occurred. By the treaty of Washington in

1871, provision was made that the use of canals along the great lakes, whether American or Canadian, should be upon equal terms to citizens of both nations. But some years later, Canada undertook to give a rebate of nearly all the Welland Canal tolls to Canadian ships carrying merchandise to Montreal or beyond. This was virtually the same thing we have attempted at Panama—a discrimination in favor of coastwise trade. President Cleveland promptly protested that this was to fulfil a treaty promise with only "the shadow of performance." The matter was taken up diplomatically, and Canada receded from her untenable position.

It is a similar retreat from an act violative of an international agreement, as all understood it at the time it was made, which President Wilson, to his everlasting credit, is urging upon Congress. All that he asks is that we do what we said we would do. The tolls-exemption was pure afterthought. And it was a cheating afterthought. Unless we set ourselves straight, no nation having a treaty, or contemplating a treaty, with the United States will feel safe in taking words in their ordinary meaning, or depending upon the understanding of the negotiators. Yet some Americans think it highly patriotic to expose their country to such a reproach! They seem to be rather proud when a foreign Government comes to us with a treaty in its hand which we are trying to set aside, and asks the "Figaro" question, "Who is cheating here?"

JUSTICE TO PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATIONS.

Whatever may have been the sins of our railways and other public service corporations—and the *Nation* has not failed in its duty of pointing them out—it is undeniable that they are to-day paying a heavy penalty for the mistakes of their managers in the past. Indeed, so beset are some of them as to make it clear that, in business circles at least, there is a revulsion of feeling due to the impression that the Government is no longer giving them a square deal, that the pendulum, having swung too far in one direction, is going too far in the other; that owing to legislation, regulation, and to threat of confiscation, and by autocratic use of Federal authority, the lot of the railway company at least is becoming intolerable.

ble; that so much of the power of company officials has been stripped from them by Government arbitration, control, and regulation that they can no longer be held responsible by their stockholders for satisfactory results. It is even said that their present estate is so intolerable that complete Government ownership is beginning to appear preferable.

Thus, in his recent annual report, Mr. Rea, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, declared: "It is evident that the ability to regulate wages and working conditions, and other heavy operating expenses, has, as the result of Federal and State legislation, largely passed from the control of your management, as has also the power of your company and other railroads to charge reasonable rates for the public transportation service rendered." His own railway is confronted with an increased annual expense of \$1,580,000, of which \$850,000 is due solely to the totally uncalled-for Full Crew act, passed at the behest of the labor unions; the other \$730,000 being occasioned by the raising of wages through the arbitration in 1912 under the new Federal law, the Newlands act. Now, an ordinary corporation, finding its expenses increased by causes beyond its control, would feel free to charge more for its product; but the railway is estopped, since the power over rates has passed to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The difficulty is so much intensified by the diversification of governmental control that President Rea insists:

Some way must be found whereby the serious but divided responsibility of governmental regulation of rates, wages, and other railway matters shall either be concentrated under one administrative branch of the Government, or the results of legislative acts, orders of commissions, and awards of arbitration boards shall be recognized by rate regulatory commissions, so that regulation of wages, rates, and other matters may continue without working a manifest injustice to the railroads and those who have invested in their securities.

Should the Interstate Commerce Commission long postpone its rate decision, or decide against an increase, there will inevitably be profound sympathy for the honest railway managers in search of new capital who find themselves thus ground between the upper and the nether millstone. They also feel themselves seriously wronged when they appear openly before the Legislature to

ask for the repeal of the Full Crew law, and find that neither the Legislature nor the press pays any attention to their protest. It does not help the situation to point to the mismanagement of the New Haven, the St. Louis & San Francisco, and say that this sort of wrongdoing is responsible for the present situation. The presidents may admit this sorrowfully, yet wake up the next morning to find a bill in the Legislature at Albany to revise commutation rates downward in a given county by 50 or 60 per cent.

The telephone company is in the same plight; but recently placed under the control of the Public Service Commission, it finds a bill introduced at Albany enforcing a five-cent rate in New York. This may be a just proposal, but the responsible telephone officials must be forgiven if they feel a bit bewildered and go about wondering where the next blow is to come from. The Bell Telephone Company is facing the Postmaster-General's demand that its stockholders be compelled to sell out to the Government. Its president, Mr. Vail, in his remarkable report just issued, attacks the Post Office's arguments for Government ownership. They are obviously very misleading, if it is contended either that the postal business is well managed or that the parcel post is a financial success. Who can tell? Not Mr. Burleson. He has abolished the special parcel-post stamp, and would never think of reckoning in rentals, or interest on plant, or overhead charges, to ascertain whether the parcel post is carried at a deficit or not.

Meanwhile, the Government refuses to reimburse the railways adequately for carrying the mails, and insists on different rates for heavy and light mail matter carried in the same car. Is it any wonder that uneasiness grows and unrest continues? And both are intensified by the situation of the express companies, however much they may owe their present plight to past stupidities. One does not have to be that worst of offenders, a "reactionary," or an investor in railway securities, to see how great is the opportunity for constructive statesmanship on both sides, for the peace policy that Mr. Wilson outlined. That, we take it, is to be peace, with honor and justice, without mercy for corporate wrong-doers of the New Haven stripe, but with protection to those who

would bury the dead past and play fair. Has not the time come, they ask, when they may receive a sailing chart to which they may adhere for at least a few years? Are they not to be freed from their present position of being under fire at once from all sides and at the mercy of demagogues, labor unions, experimenters, diversified government agencies controlling them without regard to one another's acts, and of the several Legislatures?

THE IRISH IN OUR PUBLIC LIFE.

In his series of articles on immigration, Professor Ross gets round in the *April Century* to "The Celtic Tide." His discussion of Irish emigration to this country is brief, but seems to be well fortified by fact, and is not unsympathetic in spirit. A fuller treatment would bring out many points that Professor Ross here passes over. For example, he has previously given expression to the serious disquietude which many Americans feel to-day in connection with the new-comers from South European countries. But their grandfathers were just as acutely concerned over the Irish emigrants. These were, sixty and seventy years ago, as much disliked and even dreaded as are, by some, Slav and Italian to-day. America put up with those early Irish emigrants in much the same spirit in which it has had to reconcile itself to the later Italian tide. In both instances, it is the Caliban argument that prevails:

as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our
fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in of-
fices
That profit us.

It may be asked, however, if the large immigration of to-day will not, half a century hence, look as harmless and even desirable as does now the Irish immigration of 1845-55. That the flow from Ireland has so greatly fallen off appears to be one reason why Professor Ross looks at it with a more kindly eye. The only good immigration is a dead immigration!

So remote has become the old notion of an "Irish peril" in the United States that now one of the main questions discussed is whether Irishmen have risen as they should to their opportunities in this country. This comes within the scope of Professor Ross's article. We may remark, by the way, that there

could hardly be a better proof of Irish assimilation here, and of the senselessness of the old fears about this element of our immigration, than sober debate whether Irish-Americans are as prominent as they ought to be in the professions and the sciences. It is Professor Ross's opinion that they are not. "Those of Irish blood," he says, "are far from manning their share of the responsible posts in American society. Their contribution by no means matches that of an equal number of the old American breed." This would imply that the old American breed is holding its own fairly well, and is in no immediate danger. But it is also fair to remember that we must not make up a final judgment too hastily. Professor Ross justly observes that "it is too soon yet to expect the Irish strain [in America] to show what it can do."

One thing, however, it has shown that it can do, though Professor Ross makes no direct reference to it. The Irish in the United States have displayed a wonderful talent for public affairs. America is always mainly in mind when the old taunt is repeated that the Irish are able to govern every country except their own. The distinction won by Irishmen outside of Ireland is, indeed, an old theme. It was dwelt upon with a kind of proud humility by that greatest of all Irishmen, Edmund Burke. In France, in Spain, in South America, Irish names have been illustrious. But in the United States a great door, and effectual, has been opened to the Irish genius for politics. Its flexibility, its innate generosity, its human sympathies, together with an easy mastery of political machinery, has led it on to triumphs quite out of proportion to the numbers of Irishmen in this country. One sign of this Irish technical facility in politics is seldom noticed, but deserves a word. Irishmen are natural-born parliamentarians. The best parliamentarians—in the sense, we mean, of ready grasp of rules of procedure—at Albany have for years been Irishmen. In the House of Representatives, to-day, an Irishman, Mr. Fitzgerald, is an acknowledged master in that art.

It cannot be said, by even the warmest friends of Irishmen, that their contributions to our public life have always been worthy or inspiring. Boston is now spoken of as an Irish city. It has had a succession of Irish Mayors. But

their rule has not invariably been what it should be. It is not necessary to refer to Tammany, so long stamped by Irish dominance. The names of Kelly and Croker and Murphy do not feed Irish pride. Indeed, they are well known to be a cause of grief to truly patriotic Irishmen, whether in Ireland or in the United States. Irish priests and other visitors from Ireland have been known to express in private their astonishment and mortification at the kind of Irishmen who had seemed to come to honor in this country. Tammany in New York has been a standing and effective argument against Home Rule in Ireland. But this, it may be believed, is in the way of being corrected. The admirers of the Irish race will at least hope that their extraordinary gifts in politics may be more and more used for the bettering of our public life; so that hereafter, in the struggles for higher things which are bound to mark our democracy, the record may be made, as it was long ago in one of the famous battles of France: "Nos Irlandais s'y distinguerent."

PROFESSORS IN COUNCIL.

A circular letter was sent out in the spring of 1913 looking to the formation of a national association of university professors. The motive actuating the signers was indicated in the statement that, besides his interest in his specialty, the university professor is "concerned, as a member of the legislative body of his local institution, with many questions of educational policy which are of more than local significance," and that "he is a member of a professional body which is the special custodian of certain ideals, and the organ for the performance of certain functions essential to the well-being of society." And the general purposes were declared to be "to promote a more general and methodical discussion of the educational problems of the university; to create means for the authoritative expression of the public opinion of the profession; and to make possible collective action, on occasions when such action seems called for." The letter was sent out by Johns Hopkins professors to members of the faculties of nine other universities, and the response was favorable in all cases; a conference on the subject was held last November; and now announcement is made of the

names of a committee, representing the chief departments of learning and nearly all the leading universities of the country, whose task it will be to take the steps necessary for complete organization.

The distinctive feature of the American university is the part played by the president. Nothing even distantly resembling it exists, we believe, in any European country. That he is not the absolute monarch he is sometimes represented as being is true enough; but the limitations upon his power are often of the same nature as those which have as a general rule obtained in the case of what are usually designated as absolute monarchies in the history of nations. No university president thinks of setting up his personal will as the sole guide of his policy. Apart altogether from such check as may be exercised by the board of trustees, or other formal governing body, he usually consults the chief professors in any matter relating to their respective departments; and moreover there exists in every university some form or other of faculty organization. Nevertheless, the president, in most American universities, is the centre of power, the chief fountain of favor and disfavor, of advancement or retardation; and his disposition towards any question, whether relating to an individual or to a principle or a policy, usually has, or may have if he chooses, the controlling influence in its determination.

This feature of the American university system has been the subject of endless comment; but there exists alongside it, and somewhat resembling it in nature and effect, another feature that has attracted less notice. What goes on within any university is, in a certain sense, its own private affair; and it may easily happen that it is not the president, but one or more professors or professorial cliques, in whom real power rests, and by whom it is improperly exercised. Now there has not been developed in our country either a central organ—such as the Ministry of Public Instruction in European countries, for example—or a well-defined body of university tradition, to operate as a check upon any bad tendencies or unjust practices which may thus develop in a given institution. When such a state of things arises, whether the blame for it belongs to president or to

professors, all that is apt to happen is a certain amount of grumbling, perhaps of indignation; it is only in extreme cases that there is likely to be any overt action. It may be that some professor is the victim of downright persecution; it may be that manageable mediocrity is systematically preferred to high ability which is somewhat more difficult to handle; it may be that independence of thought or freedom of speech is frowned upon and discouraged. Whatever the trouble may be, appeal is impossible to any but the little circle within the university itself, which is to all intents and purposes a close corporation.

That the new association may supply to the American university professor a basis for a wider and more catholic appeal in questions of moment, that it may become the means of promoting a professional spirit at once finer and stronger than that which has hitherto been general, must be the hope of all who are interested in the most truly distinctive service which universities render to a nation. Upon their immediate promotion of the general welfare, not only through the diffusion of intelligence and the improvement of education, but also through efforts expressly directed to economic and social ends, emphasis has been laid in these latter days as never before. This tendency is bound to continue; and the benefits that will flow from our universities in these ways are quite beyond calculation. But it is not difficult to imagine these results obtained by other instrumentalities, if the institution we call the university were not historically in existence, and ready to furnish them. The thing that the university alone can supply—the thing, at all events, in which neither history nor imagination suggests a possible substitute—is the preservation of high intellectual ideals, the maintenance of noble traditions of science and learning. Of these ideals and traditions university presidents, however masterful, university administrators, however efficient, cannot possibly serve as the custodians. It is upon the men whose business is not to administer but to teach and to learn, not to manage but to investigate and to inspire, that we must depend for keeping alive the sacred fire. And if we read aright the announcement of its purposes, the new association is above all

to be devoted to the strengthening of the conception of the professor's status.

THREE YEARS OF THE DRAMA LEAGUE.

The Drama League of America is celebrating the completion of three years of existence. The review in *Drama* by the League's president, Mrs. Best, shows how this body suggests comparison with plans for state-aided drama. It is not merely a discriminating agency, but an active force in the encouragement of good plays. Founded on the idea of avoiding bad plays by getting skilled judgment of them, the League has come to have something of the group's power to create what it wants. Standing for the demand for better-written, better-produced drama, it helps thus to insure the supply. It does not believe in the ability of the mass to get what it wants, inasmuch as helter-skelter theatre-going gives the people small voice. The League also distrusts popular taste itself, and insists upon a clearer understanding than most have of the difference between Galsworthy and Veiller. It tries to form a coherent group large enough to demand attention, and to support those higher stage ventures often looked upon as precarious.

"Take up the cultured man's burden" is a dreaded cry nowadays, and the League's progress is the more creditable in that it has had to make head against it. Its 90,000 members constitute in thirty-five of the largest American and Canadian cities units of genuine influence, while a coöperative branch is being formed in England. Its officials, from university professors to business men, are well known. An education department reaches libraries, colleges, high schools, and a great many children, and in certain country and city districts paid workers are organizing amateur dramatics. It coöperates with a publishing house in issuing inexpensive plays, ten having now been planned for. But its main work is in establishing circuits through the smaller cities, by binding several hundred or a thousand people to take tickets to half a dozen better plays than they could otherwise obtain. Companies for one-night stands may be carried from coast to coast on the assured support of a series of towns, while a national taste is being formed on which managers desirous of raising

standards may depend. The members should reap the double benefit of being kept in literary touch with the theatre, and—where they live in the larger cities—being spared the practical vexation of experimenting on performances. Chicago last year had 150 plays: 100 were musical comedies, and therefore not considered; of the other fifty, sixteen were approved and bulletined. If the bulletins were taken as even a partial guide, thousands of hours and dollars must have been saved. The League says nothing of unapproved plays; and so long as its list is short, silence cannot be construed as condemnation.

This promising organization will plainly count for little if the membership is not responsive. A year ago Walter Pritchard Eaton found Western members (chiefly women) enthusiastic in attending meetings, but laggards in attending plays. The latter cost money; recommendations often ran counter to this or that critic, or this or that neighbor; many liked the sense of belonging to the organization, but were indifferent to its work. Possibly, this has changed, for Mrs. Best reports the word of certain managers that receipts swell on the first favorable bulletin, and of others that approval has saved some plays.

The idea is to create a ticket-buying patronage by common-sense means, not elevating the theatre above the audience, not cultivating the "problem" drama, but supporting tragedy, comedy, farce, and melodrama alike, if only they are good of their kind. While its influence may always safely be exerted upwards, it has to reflect that in the present closeness of touch between the public and the stage, errors of taste or too great conservatism would be fatal.

The significance, less of the League and similar organizations than of a larger impulse behind them, is two-fold. The dramatic production of the last half-century in Europe and America has cosmopolitan qualities, and so transcends national lines that it is the common property of every stage. Granting practical difficulties, it is unfortunate that more of what is admittedly good in all this bulk should not be often represented. Thus Chicago, in one of whose suburbs the League originated, has a Little Theatre that has found a public ready to crowd to Murray's translations of Euripides, and to Synge, Yeats,

Maeterlinck, and Sudermann. Together with this goes the new yearning manifested in small places. The theatre as it now exists is too purely metropolitan. The opportunity for inferior plays to scour the country banditti-like and hold up the smaller cities, hungry to see anything and only half-conscious that the modern stage "has such a scope to show her pride," has had too few checks. When this hunger organizes itself, and presses its wishes home to the centres of play-production, the second-rate play may be exposed to a healthier and stronger competition.

A WELCOME NOTE.

For some time to come the barnyards of Iowa are to be the scene of cheerful tumult. As the rural free delivery continues to pour into Iowa copies of the maiden speech delivered last week by Mr. Vollmer in the House of Representatives, proud cacklings and cluckings will arise from within the wired poultry stockade. Grunts of philosophic but profound satisfaction will issue from the pig-pen behind the barn. And within the barn there will be lowings of contemplative and approving comment. If the soil and the climate of Iowa had a voice they, too, would join in the chorus of self-congratulation; and the farmer might rub his jaw with satisfaction. For even in the pages of the *Congressional Record*, the official organ devoted to the regularly recurrent praise of nature and nature's God, one must search far to find so handsome a tribute to the good will of Providence as it manifests itself in the agricultural statistics of Iowa. We welcome the reappearance of the fine old native type of Congressional eloquence which for some time has been submerged by the dry discussion of free foreign bottoms and interlocking directorates. The forces of change may play fiercely about us, but America will be America so long as new Congressmen from the South remember to pay tribute to the soft murmurings of the Chattahoochee, and new Congressmen from the North lay wreaths of laurel at the feet of the American hen.

We welcome Mr. Vollmer's impassioned defence of the American farmer as a type of American manhood and its capacities. We have latterly fallen into the habit of self-dispraise. From comparing our cities with the cities of Europe to our disadvantage, we have passed on to comparing the foreigner's farming methods with our own. After pointing out how much better they do things in Düsseldorf than they do in Chicago, we have gone on to show how much better the market-gardeners around Paris do than the farmers of our prairies. And so the legend has grown up of a rather shiftless American farmer who doesn't dig deep enough, who doesn't feed his soil enough, who doesn't rotate scientifically. The farmer has had his turn under the muckrak-

er's harrow. But what are the facts? Turn to Iowa:

Argentine corn! Have you seen it? Compared with our Iowa corn, it is a measly, scrawny article, like popcorn, and full of bugs. All the imports of Argentine corn for a year would not furnish a morning breakfast for the hogs of Iowa—

Loud grunts of "Hear, Hear" from the hogs of Iowa.

All the importation of Chinese eggs would not furnish a nestegg apiece for the hens of my State—

Shrill soprano cackle of "Right you are" from the hens of Iowa.

I have travelled all through Central and South America. The Latin-American is not yet born who can compete with the Iowa farmer in raising corn.

One need not be a farmer or the son of a farmer to feel the blood of pride mantling the cheek of patriotism. It is good that such things be said.

Cheering as a sign that the natural optimism of this people is far from dead, Mr. Vollmer's remarks take on profound significance in the light they throw upon a political revolution that is now working itself out. For the extraordinary fact must not be overlooked that Nature has been pouring forth her bounties in Iowa under a Democratic Administration. The American hen has been laying like mad although a Democrat is in the White House. The American hog has been growing tenderloins and bacon at an amazing rate with a Democratic majority in the Senate. Iowa's swelling ears of corn have been growing faster than Argentine corn with Champ Clark as Speaker of the House. What Republican Administration can show a snowfall that may even compare with the heavy drifts that have recently been blanketing the farmer's fields, protecting his young growing things, and steeping his soil in beneficent moisture?

Thus, in the great shifting of party principles and programmes, it may yet prove to be the decisive factor that the rainfall, the temperature, the wind output from Medicine Hat, and the frequent volcanic eruptions in Alaska, with their perceptible effect on climatic conditions all over this country, are no longer to be found exclusively in the Republican platform, but may confidently be expected to be handled with equal, if not superior, courage and statesmanship, by the Democratic party. Admitted to power on sufferance, the Democratic party may yet develop strength in quarters least expected. The farmer will naturally go with the party in whose hands are the lightning and the thundercloud.

This leaves the Republican party in a parlous state. The Progressives have stolen a great many of its votes. The Democratic party has now stolen most of its clothes—the retired farmer with his house on Main Street and his Ford machine ever ready to take him to church or the moving-picture show, the growing deposits in the country banks, the swelling crops, the climate; above all things, the American hen. We distinctly visualize Uncle Joe Cannon gazing sadly through the henyard wiring and muttering, *Et tu, Brute!*

Foreign Correspondence

THE DEPORTED SOUTH AFRICANS —AN UNUSUAL DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK.

LONDON, March 7.

Any one who arrived at the Marble Arch entrance to Hyde Park on the first Sunday of this month could see at a glance what exceptional interest had been aroused by the meeting called to welcome the South African "exiles." Four o'clock was the time fixed for the beginning of the speeches. By that hour the multitude was already far larger than the normal total of what is regarded as a very successful Hyde Park demonstration. Walking south to the Hyde Park Corner entrance, one found the vanguard of the chief procession beginning to pass through another dense crowd. It was not until about six o'clock that the last detachment made its way in.

The deported leaders themselves marched under the words "Exiled! They Conquer." Other legends were "Welcome to the Deported," "Unity now International," "Your Liberty at Stake," "Workers of London and Workers of South Africa Stand United against Botha." Out of the hundreds of mottoes displayed on these banners, only two or three could be regarded as at all violent or abusive.

Not every one, of course, among the hundreds of thousands of persons present could be claimed as a sympathizer. It was just the kind of Sunday afternoon, with its bright sunshine and genial air, that would tempt into Hyde Park—its pleasant sward fenced off by no "Keep off the grass" notices—large numbers of people who cared little about politics. Doubtless, too, mere curiosity to see what the deported leaders were like attracted a good many. The Monday papers published a snapshot showing F. E. Smith, the Unionist member of Parliament, with silk hat on his head and cigar in his mouth, listening to one of the speeches. Many others, certainly, came to the park and went away again with no more democratic zeal than Mr. Smith. But the welcome that was given the "exiles" when they reached their several platforms, and the enthusiasm with which the nine meetings carried the resolution of the day, showed how strong a body of opinion supported the protest.

A big demonstration of this kind is of some value as an index to popular feeling, especially in cases where for some reason or other it has not been able to find adequate expression in Parliament or the press. The gathering was a London crowd pure and simple. The procession was not swollen, as at so many previous Hyde Park meetings, by deputations from the country. This rally gave one some impression of the forces of London labor. Yet of the sixty-one members for London constituencies in the present House of Commons, how many belong to the Labor party? Only three. Is it any wonder that so many of the younger and more impatient spirits within the labor ranks are declaring that the hope of accomplishing anything by Par-

liamentary representation is only a delusion?

A great demonstration, too, is a useful corrective of mistakes made by the press in its estimates of popular feeling. In commenting on the Hyde Park meetings, the *Daily News*—one of the few papers that have realized the significance of recent events in South Africa—truly says that the action of the Botha Government has touched popular instincts in a manner and to a degree of which organized political opinion has very little conception. "It is clear that the papers do not recognize it. It is fairly certain that none of the regular political parties has any real appreciation of the magnitude of the storm brewing. This is not an ordinary labor agitation, any more than the passionate protest against Chinese serfdom was an ordinary labor agitation. What the man in the crowd feels, perhaps, rather than thinks and says, is that, in their dealings with these men, Gen. Smuts and his colleagues have struck a blow not at trade unionism only, but at the very heart of civilized democracy of any kind."

The British Government and Parliament, one may take it for granted, will do nothing. If the Colonial Secretary's doctrine of colonial independence is correct, there is no power at home to interpose the slightest check on Gen. Botha so long as he can obtain a majority in South Africa. This very helplessness will only embitter the feeling of those who resent the Botha policy as an affront to the British traditions of liberty and justice. Before this trouble arose, there was already good reason to fear a general strike on English railways next summer. The effect of the South African martial law and deportations upon the temper of the labor world has been such as to make this prospect almost a certainty.

H. W. H.

CARNIVAL IN SPAIN—ONE-ACT PLAYS—THE OPERA.

MADRID, March 8.

The chief attraction of the carnival, which, at the beginning of Lent, temporarily drives politics from the field, is the procession on the Recoletos, the chief boulevard, in the gayly decorated carriages and picturesque floats. A prize of \$600 is offered for the most artistic effort, but on various occasions, including this carnival, no entry was accounted worthy of the first prize. This is due to the fact that the carnival season here in Madrid is getting to be more and more a festival of the poor, and the appearance of most of the floats is flimsy and cheap. Various wealthy families adorn their carriages with flowers and ribbons, and make a picturesque addition to the spectacle, but the floats are the criterion.

Another feature has driven out the purely artistic effort, and that is the opportunity of advertising. Thus a very successful float filled with gay young people, dressed as hunters and huntresses and representing "Valor and Beauty," may be followed by a grotesque figure sitting in a huge shoe and carrying the advertisement of the only shop worthy of your patronage. An insurance company also entered a float in which the

most prominent object was a sign urging every one to get his or her life insured, and to do it now. It all reminded me of my boyhood days, when, after the wonders of a Barnum circus parade, came the anti-climax behind the last elephant in the form of a dinky driving a wagon with a huge sign extolling some quick-lunch counter or a new brand of easy-chair tobacco.

In the smaller cities some of the older traditions have fortunately been preserved. Thus the procession of giants, grotesque figures representing in some places various nationalities, in others characters from pictures or folklore, still issues forth, and after parading through the chief streets and performing a curious local dance in the principal square, enters the church itself. There, according to the ancient tradition of some towns, the figures repeat their dance before the image of the Virgin, or of some saint, no doubt in order to let him share the merriment and to afford him a little amusement in the midst of the ennui of unending heavenly bliss. At the end of the festivities, the giants are stored away in the sacristies, to show that they are not only sanctioned by the church, but form a part of the various religious procedures and ceremonies.

The theatres and places of amusement here hardly resemble those anywhere else. During the days of carnival, especially, when it was frequently suicidal to remain out of doors, the small theatres, which give only one-act plays, were crowded. The briefness of these performances allows the presentation of several plays in the course of the afternoon and evening. Indeed, the next morning should be included, for it is often two o'clock before the theatre closes. The striking feature of these performances is their utter lack of formality. They begin half an hour late, or more; they have been insufficiently rehearsed because they are apt to be taken off with surprising haste after unfriendly demonstrations on the first night; the prompter plays the chief rôle, and the heroine is likely to find him more interesting than her passionate lover; the musicians drop in casually smoking, and with their hats on, and by and by the leader appears, which may indicate that the audience will not be kept waiting much longer. Sounds of scene-shifting continue, curious faces appear at the side of the curtain to ascertain whether the number and temper of those present demand a prompt beginning. Presently the orchestra strikes up and a characteristic, light musical comedy has begun.

The scene generally opens on a village square, which enables the composer to put the audience into an expectant frame of mind. Many things can happen on a village square, the worst being a song by an untrained but willing chorus, made bearable by some rather clever dancing. Then the hero comes in and discloses the difficulties he finds in the conquest of his love. When you feel perfectly certain that she will never have him, she enters, sings a song with her eyes fastened on the director, and finally disappears with her lover, in defiance of the unsuspecting father. The scene then

shifts to Paris. I have never been able to determine why in almost every play the scene shifts to a brilliantly lighted Parisian hall. Be that as it may, the climax of the intrigue is now reached. The eloping couple appear; so does a fabulously wealthy American; champagne flows in rivers; flimsily dressed danseuses show the possibilities of night life in a great city; songs and choruses succeed each other. In the meantime, the heroine resists the bribes of the wealthy American; the father arrives in hot pursuit, but is convinced of his helplessness by the facts of the situation, and the curtain falls with the lovers grouped near the prompter's box, while the prompter himself hands a cigarette to the irate, but appeased father.

The performances at the Royal Opera House are no less characteristic of Madrid. No *mise en scène* of a more luxurious character could be devised; evidently neither time nor money is spared to make the costumes and the decorations equal to any in Europe. This winter many Italian operas are being presented and also a few of Wagner's are attempted. I use the last word for many reasons. In the first place Germanic traditions are as foreign to these people as are the customs of the Chinese. In the second place Italian and Spanish singers rarely interpret Wagner in a way satisfactory or even endurable to a German musician. Finally, it is an exceptional Spaniard who will understand music such as Wagner's. The musical rhythm of the people here is, as it has been for centuries, purely Oriental—cadences, melodies, and trills. Wagner, therefore, seems to enjoy a success based on his great name rather than any local appreciation.

The Italian opera, on the other hand, is the greatest drawing card, and is generally presented with a good deal of fire; and, when the singers are imported from the leading opera houses, is thoroughly successful. R. S.

HOLLAND'S FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES—OLD-AGE PENSIONS—THE NAVY.

THE HAGUE, March 14.

Holland, like many other countries, annually publishes a book containing the official trade statistics. But the man who has to make use of such tables had better take any figures than these official "returns." This untrustworthiness may be excused on two grounds. In the first place many kinds of goods are free from import duties, and it is not necessary to take account of the quantities thereof coming into this country. Secondly, quantities of goods cross the frontier daily to be re-exported.

It is in relation to value that figures are altogether wrong. Again the explanation is easy, but can hardly serve as an excuse. The statistical service was organized in 1850, and the prices of various commodities, prevailing at that time, were taken as a basis to calculate the value of the trade. That these prices have varied in sixty years has only recently dawned upon the official mind. Peruvian bark, worth \$20 a kilogram then, is still regarded as worth the same, al-

though it can now be obtained at about one-hundredth of that price.

A thorough overhauling of this state of affairs has been promised and a bill has already reached the second Chamber providing for reforms. When the trade returns for 1914 are published next year a considerable diminution of the value of imports and exports is likely to appear, but this will be purely clerical.

The old-age pensions accorded to septuagenarians by the previous Administration prove far more expensive than it was thought they would, and other measures—the increase of the colonial navy, for instance—demand many millions. Mr. Bertling, the Minister of Finance, is in a far from enviable position, as he has to find the money, not only for what the present Government does, but also for the measures passed by its predecessor. That Administration proposed to revise the tariff and to make it fiscal and “mildly” protecting at the same time. But this met with an unmistakable “no” from the electorate. Other financial measures, such as a 10 per cent. surtax on several duties and a tobacco tax, were vehemently opposed also, the former as a “make-shift unworthy of a real financier,” the latter as an intolerable burden on the Dutch, who smoke as soon as they can walk to a cigar shop.

Minister Bertling, however, cannot have his single income tax passed in time to use it this year, and thus has to resort to the makeshifts which were condemned in his predecessor. Even he has announced a “technical” revision of the tariff, a tobacco tax, and surtaxes. And the latter are much higher than those paid at present. Thus on the death duty a surtax of 20 per cent. is proposed, on the earned income a duty of 20 per cent., on the unearned income a duty of 25 per cent., and on the income tax, levied on companies with limited liability, a surtax of even 50 per cent. is asked.

There are those who think that even the \$100,000,000 desired by the State is not sufficient to guarantee Holland's independence, much less that of her colonies. At present the Dutch fleet is not more than a make-believe. The ships are small and for the most part too old to be of any account in war. There is not a single dreadnought among them—nothing to protect the commercial fleet, Java, and the rest of the Indian Archipelago. Several Royal committees have studied the problem, and it is probable that before long an Indian squadron will be built.

In the meantime private people are doing their best to support the State. The firm of Driessen, cocoa manufacturers, have devised a novel way to assist the Navy League in collecting money for warships. Every packet of chocolate, every tin of cocoa contains coupons of a value corresponding to the size of the packet. Buyers are requested to return these coupons to Messrs. Driessen, who undertakes to send the amount printed on the coupon to the Navy League. It is only a matter of 2,000,000,000 two-penny tablets or thereabout. Every Dutch man, woman, or child to eat one tablet a day, and the Junketer may be put on the stocks within a year! Was there ever a sweeter way to show one's patriotism?

F. H. A.

Parties and Men.

SOCIAL AMENITIES IN POLITICAL LIFE.

By SIR HENRY LUCY (“Toby, M. P.”).

On the opening day of the famous case of Bardell versus Pickwick the defendant observed a serjeant with a fat body and a red face who nodded in a friendly manner to Mr. Serjeant Snubbin and said it was a fine morning. “Who's that red-faced man,” whispered Mr. Pickwick to his solicitor, “who said it was a fine morning?” “Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz,” was the answer. “He's opposed to us; he leads on the other side.” It is recorded how Mr. Pickwick “was on the point of inquiring with great abhorrence of the man's cold-blooded villainy how Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, who was counsel for the opposite party, dared to presume to tell Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, who was counsel for him, that it was a fine morning,” when he was interrupted by the entrance of the judge.

This touch of nature, noted by Dickens, makes akin the political world on both sides of the Atlantic. In their social relations opposing parties in the various Legislatures dwell apart. They lunch and dine together, strictly within the lines of party demarcation, and regard with suspicion interchange of social friendship with adversaries. An exception to the rule is to be found in London. Party spirit is not less bitter, but it does not extend beyond the limits of the actual battlefield. In the dining-room of the House of Commons particular tables are in a few instances set apart for particular companies. There is, for example, one at which His Majesty's Ministers sit. No private Member would presume to join the circle. Analogous provision is made for leaders of the Opposition. The Irish Nationalists also have their particular quarter in the dining-room. But under the mellowing influence of the prospect of Home Rule, they are less exclusive than they were in Parnell's time or in the early days of Mr. Redmond's succession to the leadership. They may frequently be seen dining at tables where the main body of private Members promiscuously sit.

This disposition to fraternize with the enemy at the social board is in increasing degree displayed at private gatherings. There remains a certain line of distinction. If the host and hostess belong to the Liberal party, the majority of guests are of that faith. The rule applies with equal force to the houses of Conservatives. But at what usually turn out to be the most successful parties there is a leavening, whether of Liberalism or Toryism as the case may be. The same circumstance exists in the case of the great “crushes” at which the opening of a new session is celebrated. The Prime Minister and his

wife are “At Home” to his supporters in both houses, and to their wives and daughters. On the same night the leader of the Opposition throws open the stately rooms of Lansdowne House. The vast proportion of both guests belong to their several political parties. But in both houses there is a fair sprinkling of the other side, usually represented by its most popular members.

The rupture of the Liberal party following on the introduction of Gladstone's first Home Rule bill dealt a blow at this happy condition of affairs from which in individual cases it has not yet recovered. There is nothing so bitter as the animosity of severed friends. The five-score members of the Liberal party who followed Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington in secession from their party would hold no truck with former comrades. The latter were equally bitter in their resentment of those whom they regarded as deserters from the Liberal flag. It so happened that what were at the time known as Dissident Liberals included the majority of those accustomed to play the host. Mr. Chamberlain gave many dinner parties throughout the session. Previous to the break-up of 1886, Devonshire House was the splendid centre of social life for the Liberal party. Thereafter its doors were angrily closed against old familiar faces.

The only member of Gladstone's Cabinet who managed to retain friendly relations with former colleagues was Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Chamberlain by chance meeting his once bosom friend, John Morley, passed him without sign of recognition. Sir George Trevelyan, with whom for years he was accustomed to exchange hospitalities, became a particular aversion, inasmuch as, having at the outset seceded with the rest, he, upon reflection, went back to the old fold. But up to the time of Sir William Harcourt's death there was no interruption of intimacy between him and Mr. Chamberlain. The same friendly relations were maintained with Sir Henry James, afterwards Lord James of Hereford, a man who for conscience sake sacrificed the blue ribbon of his profession when within his grasp. When in 1886 the landslide on the Home Rule question rent the Liberal party in twain, it was made known to Henry James that in Gladstone's reconstituted Government the woolsack was at his disposal. He was, however, a convinced anti-Home Ruler, and turned aside from the luring bait.

A pretty tale hangs by the uninterrupted amity of Harcourt and Henry James. One day, in conversation with Harcourt, the late Lord Morris, one of the wits with which Ireland occasionally endows a Saxon Parliament, remarked upon the charm of this personal incident in the storm and stress of party warfare.

"Yes," said Harcourt, with a wistful, far-away look in his eyes, "we are, as you may say, brothers."

"So were Cain and Abel," murmured Lord Morris.

As illustrating the happy state of the social relations of political antagonists in the Parliamentary circle, I may mention an incident of personal experience. During the term of his Premiership Mr. Arthur Balfour had accepted an invitation to dine at my house. Casting about for men whom he would particularly like to meet, I thought of Sir William Harcourt. On the face of it, the experiment was exceptionally risky. As leader of the House Mr. Balfour was in personal charge of an Education bill whose genesis and provisions were abhorrent to Liberals. Harcourt ably led desperate resistance to the bill. At that period there was being tried the experiment of adjourning the sittings of the House of Commons from 7 P. M. till 9 o'clock in order that Members might dine. On the day of our dinner an extreme controversial point had come up for discussion on the bill in committee. From three o'clock till seven Arthur Balfour thundered across the table at Harcourt, who, the light of battle in his eyes, vigorously replied. At eight o'clock they unexpectedly met at dinner and were undisguisedly pleased at the *rencontre*.

Early in the course of the meal Harcourt announced that, in view of the urgency of the position of the Education bill, he must be back in his place at nine o'clock, when the sitting would be resumed. Arthur Balfour smiled at this noble exhibition of devotion to duty, but made no remark. He recurred to the subject later when, consulting his watch, he found it was five minutes to nine.

"Harcourt," he pleasantly said, "it's time you were off."

Harcourt, who loved a cigar after dinner and the talk that accompanied it, gloomily looked across the table. Then he rose and said, "I beg to move the closure," and stalked from the room.

The Prime Minister, who, by the way, does not smoke, was in no hurry to depart. He read in the papers of the next morning how the leader of the Opposition, rising at ten o'clock, indignantly protested against the absence of the right honorable gentleman in charge of the bill.

"Where is the Prime Minister?" he inquired, thumping the table with closed fist, and with familiar gesture looking round to his supporters, who responded with strident cheer. "He ought to be in his place to answer for this iniquitous bill."

Among the charges brought from the opposite benches against Mr. Asquith is that he is too frequently disposed to dine out when the House is in session, and may not be counted on to return

before eleven o'clock, the hour of adjournment. It must be admitted that the custom on the part of a Prime Minister is comparatively modern. While Disraeli was Prime Minister he never, or hardly ever, dined out while the House was sitting. Stafford Northcote followed his old chief's example. W. H. Smith improved upon it in characteristically genial manner. He had a specially prepared dinner sent to his private room behind the Speaker's chair, provided his own wines and cigars, and invited a few of his colleagues or principal supporters to share the comforts of the situation, their consciences made easy by knowledge that they were within sound of the division bell. As for the leader of the House, he was at instant call should a sudden turn of events demand his presence on the Treasury Bench.

Mr. Gladstone during his successive Premierships rarely dined at the House. His official residence in Downing Street was, at his habitual speed, within seven minutes' walk. He found the brief exercise and the change of air refreshing. Moreover, he liked to munch his mutton at his own table, with full opportunity to bestow upon each mouthful those thirty-two bites he once declared were necessary to complete digestion. But his absence never exceeded in duration the canonical hour. Sometimes at periods of storm and stress it fell considerably within its limits. When he was carrying his second Home Rule bill through committee I have seen him stride out past the speaker's chair on the stroke of eight o'clock, and watched him return to his place at twenty minutes to nine, having in the meantime bolted his evening meal. Possibly at such crises he would put on a spurt that would reduce his walk there and back to ten minutes. That allowance made, the feat was one that should humble the pride of the American quick-luncher.

It was Mr. Arthur Balfour who broke the traditions of the Treasury Bench in this respect. Impatient of the dullness of debate, tired of the tedium of hour-long lounging on the Treasury Bench, he shrank from the supplementary ordeal of eating a not-particularly good dinner in the company of men who, worthily esteemed as colleagues, inevitably suffered from the drawback of defusing the sadness of monotony. To dine at the House would be very pleasant, say once a week, or, better still, once a fortnight. "Toujours perdrix" is proverbially a distasteful item of the bill of fare.

When in succession he came to be Prime Minister or leader of the Opposition, Mr. Balfour, most delightful of companions, found himself the recipient of a stream of invitations to dinner outside the precincts of Westminster. After heroically withstanding temptation

for a while, he yielded. In course of time what began as an exception grew into a habit. So powerful was its force that it captured both Front Benches, Ministers and ex-Ministers nightly going out to dinner with a light heart. In Disraeli's time, and with occasional exceptions during Gladstone's Premiership, the spectacle of a Minister showing himself on the Treasury Bench in dinner-dress created something of a sensation. In these days (or rather nights) it is common enough.

An Arctic Eye.

VISION OF THE SNOWY OWL.

Because we human beings have reasoning powers, we command the laws of physics and optics; we make the waves of light our plaything, thinning, concentrating, bending, filtering them with lenses, mirrors, and prisms. And when all is done, it is no more than an attempt to remedy the degenerate condition of our two eyes. Everything must be judged by comparison. If there were no eyes but our own they would be regarded as perfect. But there are the eyes of a snowy owl, and when I look deep into those yellow depths, I am conscious of inferiority.

In some ways an owl's eyes are much like our own. The yellow irides of the snowy owl face well to the front, giving him binocular vision; so we hail him as, like ourselves, one of the pursuers of earth, who has more need in life to look forward than back. Furthermore, he winks with his upper eye-lid, and not his lower, in which respect he differs from most birds, and he has eye-lashes, too; but why we know not, for his frozen tundra home is not dusty. Beyond these resemblances, comparison shows us in a sorry light, which is calculated to disturb, momentarily, the poise of the Lord of Creation.

In size the owl's eyes far excel ours, but to what extent we fail to grasp until we see his skull. Then we realize that he is indeed a specialist. His whole personality is subordinated to vision. He is primarily a pair of great, golden optics; his feathers keeping these eyes warm, his wings serving to carry them from place to place, his food captured chiefly for their nourishment. Their relation to his skull is like that of the brain to ours. Indeed, the cubic contents of each of his orbits is actually greater than his brain capacity.

We watch his iris carefully and see it expand and contract like the diaphragm of a camera shutter. In his icy home near the top of the world, when the sun sinks for the last time and the winter night shuts down, these golden irides enlarge and the convex surface of the lens draws in every available wave of twilight from star and aurora, re-

vealing through the dusk the small creatures of fur and feather, and directing their pursuit and capture. But what of the Arctic day when for months the snowy glare is poignant pain and men must guard their eyes with dark glass or flounder about helpless with snow blindness? In the inner corner of our eye we have a little roll of skin, useless and unsightly, a heritage from some saurian-like ancestor. The owl has also received this third eyelid, but in working order; and when the glare becomes unbearable, this membranous curtain flows gently outward, filming the eye with translucent tissue. Thus can the eagle look at the sun and live; and the owl scan the light-scorched tundra and follow the leaps of an Arctic hare.

The interior of an owl's eye viewed through a simple mirror ophthalmoscope is a marvelous sight, seeming, like the X-ray, to admit us to the deeper secrets of the living body. The moment the pencil of light strikes the retina, the iris contracts, and readjusting itself a moment later, reveals the whole back of the inner eye, the blood-orange choroidal coat and its delicate pigmentation. Below the level of the pupil is the curious, fan-like pecten, throbbing rhythmically, its black tissue crumpled into half a dozen folds. The human eye wholly lacks this structure, and we can only presume that its function is to help nourish the great eye as a whole, or to aid in accommodation.

The full face of the snowy owl is one of its human resemblances. Among mammals we find much the same angle of divergence in dogs and bears, both of which look forward in life and not sideways. But unlike these creatures, the snowy owl has eyes with little power of rotation. The law of compensation steps forward and presents the owl with fourteen neck vertebrae, which move upon one another so easily that the bird can describe almost a complete turn of its head. The bears, with but half this number of neck bones, can twist only part way around. The owl is like a binocular, revolving light-house; the bear like an oscillating but stationary one.

When the owl flies silently through the dusk, it has need to concentrate its vision in but one direction—downward. No prey offers, nor does danger threaten from the side or above. Now this sort of hunting, peering through the dim light, or, in the Arctic day, searching the far distant tundra, requires far-sightedness. But when the ground is under his feet, and his prey within reach, this long vision is swiftly replaced by the short-sightedness necessary to the swift moment of capture. In captivity, with opportunity only to look closely at objects, the snowy owl may become short-sighted or else astigmatic, but we so closely reproduce his normal

conditions of life that he thrives for many years. In our climate he will not survive the heat and continued glare of the summer's sun, so at this season the change to Arctic night is simulated by removing him to a cool, dark cellar. Here he eats his daily portion of mice and sparrows, he preens and moults his plumage, occasionally converses in a low tone with his fellows, and still more rarely sends his loud mating call, "craou! craou!" ringing through the night. Or he sits silent and introspective, seeing again perhaps the sights which have been photographed on those great pupils: the coming of the colorful Arctic spring, with the unreal brilliance of tundra blossoms; the eternal warfare of the wolves and the musk-oxen; the inverted sex-life of the phalaropes; and his own home life, the scratched-out hollow in the cool moss, and the half-dozen sombre-clad owlets for which he foraged through all the intense, brief summer of this desolate northland.

WILLIAM BEEBE.

Correspondence

THE NEW "NATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The announcement sent out with the last number of the *Nation* will be of great interest to all its old readers and subscribers, and since you generously invite them to comment on the changes that are proposed, I am tempted to express my pleasure at the promised restoration of the summary of the week's news, which was a valued feature of the *Nation* for a brief period some years ago. At the same time, the "marked increase in the number of pages per issue," which is foreshadowed, fills me with apprehension. It has always seemed to me one of the fine distinctions of the *Nation* that its high qualities were contained in such compact compass. I should fear that any marked enlargement of its field such as is suggested by the items in your list: "Out of Doors," "The Animal World," "Sports," would result in some loss in its own special distinction of character without adequate compensating gain. Through the medium of reviews, these subjects may be said to have received in the past a quite adequate consideration in your columns. May I express the hope that, by expanding them into special features, the *Nation* will not, with the rest of its enlarged programme, approach too nearly the swollen ranks of the magazine and the bloated weekly editions of the daily paper?

HAROLD B. WARREN.

Brookline, Mass., March 17.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer begs to do himself the pleasure of saying—apropos of your recent announcement of changes to be made—that the best possible guide to future enlargement would seem to be your past. Dr. Holmes to the contrary notwithstanding, it is sometimes possible to

steer a ship by reference to its own wake. In point of scholarship, independence, cosmopolitan range of intelligence (whether political or literary), grasp of large subjects, you have conferred on the writer what I may call a "perennial favor," and a most exceptionally great favor, ever since the *Nation* was first published. You have championed the identical ideas incorporated in President Wilson's leading measures—the "safe and elastic" principles combined in the Currency bill, in particular. I am yours with great respect and genuine gratitude.

READER.

Hartford, Conn., March 17.

A PLAGUE OF SOCIOLOGICAL GOSSIP

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The most incorrigible gossip, particularly if his specialty be sociological gossip, can generally silence criticism by a virtuous protestation of his interest in facts. If he ask foolish questions, he is only "seeking light"; if he sticks his nose into dirty business practices, he is a devoted truth-seeker, trying to get at the facts. The Almighty Fact has become one of our lesser gods and bids fair to be raised to the rank of the two great gods, the Almighty Dollar and the Almighty Ballot. Who is there that dares to question the value of fact and the superlative merit of the fact-seeker? At the risk of sacrilege, it must be said that facts are what the gossip, as well as the scientist, seeks; with this difference: that the scientist values a fact because of its relation to some truth which he believes to be of value, whereas the gossip values it because of the interest he can create by telling it to somebody else. The unthinking world has often mistaken the gossip for the scientist, especially when they have dealt with some of the same facts.

How many Government commissions of inquiry have we had during the last fifteen years? Does anybody remember now what they did or what they discovered, though at the time our ears tingled with horror at the facts brought out? Has any real good come of any of them? If one wants to know why these mountains of published evidence have brought forth so little, let him follow carefully the hearings of any commission of the present day. Let him try to determine how much of their inquiry is mere economic or sociological gossip, and how much relates itself to any real problem in any logical way. The theory seems to have been that, if we can only pile up a large enough mountain of fact, the truth will, in some magical manner or by some process of parturition, emerge. Truth is not to be discovered in that way. Suppose that a court of law, without any idea as to what evidence was relevant and what was not, should proceed to gather volumes of evidence, valuing each fact for its own sake, whether it had anything to do with the question at issue or not, how long would it take to determine the merits of even the most ordinary case? What is especially needed in these inquiries is some general ideas on the relevancy of sociological evidence. That is the only thing which will

prevent them from becoming mere collections of gossip.

It has long been believed that when, for any considerable time, there are more laborers seeking employment than are wanted by the employers, then labor conditions are bad; but when, for any considerable time, employers are looking for more men than there are men to be had, labor conditions are good. Now, this is either true or it is not true. If any commission of inquiry into social conditions doubts it, why does it not test it out and determine, once and for all, whether it is true or not? If it is true, it furnishes the key to the whole situation. All that has to be determined is how the number of men looking for jobs can be reduced, or how the number of jobs looking for men can be increased. If your commission cannot do that, it had better disband as incompetent to handle the question.

It would be an interesting inquiry if the members of the commission would spend half their time disguised as employers seeking unskilled labor, and the other half as unskilled laborers seeking employment. By this means, they could determine whether it is harder for an employer to find an unskilled laborer who is willing to work for him than it is for an unskilled laborer to find an employer who is willing to employ him, or *vice versa*. If it is especially hard for employers to find unskilled laborers who are willing to work for them, obviously we should either have more unskilled laborers, or fewer employers, or both. Most employers would certainly agree to that, and they would probably set themselves to get more unskilled laborers imported. By the same reasoning, if it is especially hard for unskilled laborers to find employers who are willing to employ them, most obviously we should try to get more employers or fewer unskilled laborers. If it is good policy to import unskilled laborers when they are scarce and hard to find, it ought to be equally good policy to stop importing them when they are so abundant that they have difficulty in finding employers enough to employ them all. No one who is not willing to do this need be taken seriously if he professes interest in "labor."

Our industrial system needs a balanced ration; but it seems to have an excess of unskilled labor and a deficiency of employers. Obviously, the ration can be balanced up only by reducing the excessive ingredient or adding to the one which is deficient. Why not do both? At the present time we are doing the opposite in both cases. We are not only importing vast numbers of unskilled laborers, but we are discouraging employers by holding them up to public odium and ridicule, especially if they are unusually successful. When we need more employers who can start new productive (not acquisitive) enterprises and carry them through successfully, we should hold them up to public esteem. Otherwise we are imitating the old woman who threw clubs at her chickens because they would not come when she wanted them.

If we shall stop doing the obviously wrong things, and do one or two obviously right things, we shall need no more, or

very little more, "social" legislation. Moreover, the sociological gossips will be among the unemployed.

T. N. CARVER,

Harvard University, March 19.

BANDELIER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: By the death of Adolph Francis Alphonse Bandelier, on Thursday, March 19, in Madrid, Spain, American anthropology has lost its most distinguished scholar. It is very doubtful whether his intimate personal knowledge of the races of both North and South America, based as it was on many years of life in the very dwellings of the Indians and expanded by exhaustive researches in Spanish colonial archives, can ever be equalled. It certainly has never been surpassed by his predecessors or contemporaries. By his death it is as though a storehouse of priceless manuscripts had been burned.

Professor Bandelier was born in Berne, on the 6th of August, 1840, and was, at the time of his death, in his seventy-fourth year. It may have been due to his Swiss ancestry that his literary product seemed to combine German patience and thoroughness with an originality and brilliance that is French.

Coming to America at an early age, he soon became interested in the study of American archaeology. At forty we find him in the Southwest and Mexico, where he lived for twelve years, devoting his time to long journeys on foot, living for months at a time in Indian communities without so much as seeing a white face. His zeal for acquiring at first hand an exact knowledge of the manners and customs of the aborigines led him into many dangerous situations. But neither danger, nor, what is far harder to endure, the filth and squalor of Indian life, was allowed to interfere with his investigations. After five years of field work that would dismay any but the most ardent and devoted enthusiast, he settled down in Santa Fé to undertake extensive researches in the documentary evidence. Much of this time he was in charge of studies made for the Hemenway Archaeological Expedition.

In 1892, through the generosity of Henry Villard, Bandelier left Santa Fé for the West Coast of South America. Here, chiefly in Peru and Bolivia, he continued his ethnological, archaeological, and historical studies. For fourteen years he worked on South American subjects in connection with the American Museum of Natural History, gathering a large part of the extensive collection of Peruvian antiquities which deservedly adds to the fame of that museum.

While he was in Lima he married, in 1893, Miss Fanny Ritter, who was destined to become, not only his faithful comrade in the field, but also his enthusiastic co-worker in the library, and during many years of the latter part of his life, his eyes as well. In the deciphering and translating of colonial manuscripts, a field in which he took high rank, Mrs. Bandelier was of the greatest assistance.

In 1904 Bandelier became a lecturer at

Columbia University and was able to teach in his favorite field: Spanish-American literature in its connection with ethnology and archaeology. Failing eyesight hampered his work but never dampened his zeal. Not long ago he was rejoicing in restored sight and shortly before his death was engaged on further researches in the realm where he was master.

The list of his published works reads like a bibliography of American anthropology. It includes scientific reports on his archaeological tours; contributions to the history of the Southwest; semi-popular books like "The Gilded Man," a vivid picture of the period of Spanish exploration and discovery; and, finally, "The Islands of Titicaca and Koati," the best example of his ability to combine intensive field study and wide literary research.

The last-named book, which was published by the Hispanic Society of America in 1910, is typical of his life-long crusade against tradition and for the truth. In it he shows the falsity of many historical myths for which the Spanish chroniclers and their followers were responsible. Prescott had to rely almost entirely on such sources as Garcilasso Inca de la Vega. Yet that noble Inca left Peru when but a youth, lived forty years in Spain before he began to write, and then with pardonable pride sought to surround the empire of his ancestors with a glamour that should command the respectful admiration of sixteenth-century Europe. Bandelier, by his long years of actual residence among the Indians, was able to remove much of the accumulated crust with which romance and imagination had surrounded the truth. It was due to this ability that his comments on the literature of early Spanish-America were so valuable. His loss will be felt by students of American anthropology for many years to come.

Among his published works, the following are the best known: "On the Art of War and Mode of Warfare of the Ancient Mexicans," 1877; "On the Distribution and Tenure of Lands, and the Customs with Respect to Inheritance among the Ancient Mexicans," 1878; "On the Social Organization and Mode of Government of the Ancient Mexicans" (these three published in the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, Annual Reports for 1877, 1878, and 1879); "Historical Introduction to Studies Among the Sedentary Indians of New Mexico," 1881; "A Report on the Ruins of the Pueblo of Pecos," 1881; "Report of an Archaeological Tour in Mexico in 1881," 1884; "Final Report of Investigations among the Indians of the Southwestern United States 1880-5," part 1, 1890, part 2, 1892, two volumes; "Contributions to the History of the Southwestern United States carried on mainly in the years from 1880-1885," 1890 (all these in the Papers of the Archaeological Institute of America, American series, constituting volumes 1-4); "The Romantic School of American Archaeologists" (New York Hist. Soc., 1885); "The Delight Makers" (a novel of Pueblo Indian life), 1892; "The Gilded Man (El Dorado)," and Other Pictures of the Spanish Occupancy of America," 1893; "An Outline of the

Documentary Report on the Relative Antiquity of Ancient Peruvian Burials," 1904; "History of the Zúñi Tribe," 1892; "The Indians and Aboriginal Ruins of Chachapoyas, Peru," 1907; "The Islands of Titicaca and Koati," 1910.

Finis omnia coronat.

HIRAM BINGHAM.

Yale University, March 21.

NATURE IN THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the prevalent conception that the early eighteenth century had no appreciation of nature, the following lines may, perhaps, be of interest. They are from an anonymous poem which was published in 1729, under the title, "The Loss of Liberty: or the Fall of Rome." The piece is of some significance on its own account, as it seems to me to be better than all but a few of the blank-verse poems published before "The Task" (1785). Thomson's "Winter," "Spring," and "Summer" had preceded it, and probably influenced it, but it does not particularly recall "The Seasons." The lines given below have nothing to do with the subject of the poem, but are introduced for their own sakes:

The Sun, with all his Glory, from the Sky
Descended, an unclouded Blaze! the East
Was darken'd o'er with Night's increasing Shade,
'Till, by Degrees, the ample Vault of Heav'n
Was veil'd amid the Gloom; the Stars alone,
With twinkling Radiance sparkled from above,
And gemm'd the glitt'ring Round; 'till in her
Wane,

The languid-looking Moon, all sickly, pale,
And yellow'd o'er with horizontal Mists,
Gleam'd thro' the waving Trees, and drove her
Car,
In Silence o'er the World; then slept the Winds,
And still'd the murmur'ing Wood, the ruffled
Stream;
Peace brooded in the Calm, and Nature seem'd
To slumber o'er her Charge.

RAYMOND D. HAVENS.

University of Rochester, March 15.

IMAGINATION IN COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of your first symposium, may I remark that what is left unsaid is as important as what is said? The stress in every one of the letters is laid only on what the imagination is stimulated to do; our State universities apparently deem themselves altogether successful if they can inspire their students to build better bridges and make two ears of wheat grow where one grew before. No one wishes to belittle the material services of these institutions to their communities. But that such stimulation is the chief function of education is open to question.

What of the stimulus—which these gentlemen so completely overlook—to be, to conceive an ideal of character and conduct? Does not the college which gives its students a conception of a well-ordered life, which inspires them to strive for self-regulation and proper self-development, also benefit the community? For, after all, very few undergraduates can become Edisons or Burbanks, on however

small a scale, but they may be roused to make the best out of themselves. To my mind it is more urgent at present that they be successes as men than as farmers or engineers—for the man who aims at realizing a sound humane ideal is quite likely to "get on in the world" and is sure to realize his duties as citizen, while the man whose goal is material, even material service, may live a disorganized and impoverished existence.

Herein, I fancy, lies the cause of the slight querulousness discernible in these letters towards the Eastern colleges and the classics. On the Atlantic seaboard the humanistic ideal still survives to some extent. Probably the State universities more nearly fulfil their purpose, although the older institutions are by no means such abject failures as some people would have us believe. However, the latter do seem to lose their inspiration in proportion as they subordinate the classics, and some of us who owe allegiance to more "up-to-date" branches of learning would like to see the old supremacy reestablished. To us Plato and Aristotle seem to give a finer stimulus than stock-raising and the theory of the gas engine, and Sophocles to yield a deeper insight than Sudermann or stereotomy.

T. K. WHIPPLE.

Princeton, N. J., March 21.

Books and Men

SWINBURNE.

A few of Swinburne's essays and studies have been gathered into a volume and published by Mr. Richard G. Badger, at the Gorham Press, Boston. The first of them, a sort of brief "morality," called "A Pilgrimage of Pleasure," gives its name to the book. It is attributed to Swinburne, but apparently without absolute certainty. The date of it is 1864.

Other numbers, in the same book, are "Dead Love"—"a dim sort of short story in prose," as Mr. Gosse calls it; a review of Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal"—written in a Parisian Turkish bath, according to the same authority; an article on Simeon Solomon's "Vision of Love"; a page or two about Meredith's "Modern Love"; the enthusiastic and slashing article on Dickens, from the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1902; a *Fortnightly* article on Charles Jeremiah Wells—"An Unknown Poet"; and a brief review of John Nichol's "Hannibal." A bibliography by Edward J. O'Brien closes a book the importance of which lies almost wholly in its interest to collectors, and in the fact that it is made up of articles from the hand of a man who was a great poet.

A life of Swinburne is in preparation, it is said, for the English Men of Letters series. The author is Mr. Edmund Gosse. The limits of space imposed upon the contributor to that series

should not be irksome. The poet's outer life was the comparatively uneventful one of the typical literary man; of his inner life it may be that no biographer will ever try to write fully. Those who are acquainted and those who profess to be acquainted with the intimate side of literary gossip may possibly understand why so little has been generally known about Swinburne. This is not to deplore the lack of small talk, the scarcity of anecdotes about him. It simply means to point out that, while the magazines of the past thirty years have contained scores of articles about his great contemporaries—articles published both before and after their deaths—the few which dealt with Swinburne were almost all critical. They contained little or no biographical material.

Those who were born years after he had written the poems which made his name one of the glories of English literature knew simply of his living in retirement with his friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton. This was all, until his death five years ago next month. The forthcoming biography, about the "most extraordinary human being" its author ever knew ought to be an interesting book. Mr. Gosse's essay on Swinburne of about two years ago promises that.

It was a wonderful time, for his friends and worshippers, when the poet stood in the morning light of his fame:

When, with flame all around him aspirant,
Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,
The implacable beautiful tyrant,
Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;

And a sound as the sound of loud water
Smote far through the flight of the fires,
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter

A thunder of lyres

Naturally, it turned their heads a little. Some of the cult, when Swinburne recited that very poem, "Dolores," to them for the first time, sank literally upon their knees before him, and offered the adoration due a god! Surely, no one need waste satire on a scene like that. His own conception of himself was of one who should have been an ancient bard. "I should like to stand on a promontory in Sark," said he, "in the full blaze of the sun, and shout my verses till all the gulls come fawning to my feet. That would be better than scraping and spluttering over a filthy pen."

He was right. And his worshippers, though rather absurd and hysterical, were not far from right. It is true they erred, somewhat, in their prophecies—the world's great age did not begin anew with the "Poems and Ballads," the republic of life and letters which he hailed afar has not come to pass. But this strange poet burst upon a stodgy,

mid-Victorian world; he came with words of fire. Language had a new sound on his lips, things hitherto unattempted in English prosody were child's play to him.

You can duplicate the experience; you have duplicated it if you read Swinburne for the first time when you were nineteen. That is the only age when most men read poetry; it is certainly the age to encounter the "Poems and Ballads." It is easy, from the quietude of sixty, or the cynicism of forty, to look back with amusement upon the days when Swinburne was bidding England and Europe, and the rest of the world, to have done with kings and queens, with marriage rings, apparently, and with clothes as well. But you have either missed a great experience or wilfully parted with your illusions if you do not recall with emotion your first entrance into that garden, where there is

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;

As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;

From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,

Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.

Over the meadows that blossom and wither

Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

Reading "The Triumph of Time," with its numerous magnificent stanzas, and reading "Faustine," "Dolores," "A Forsaken Garden," "By the North Sea"—to name but a few—has been a memorable event for thousands of lovers of poetry. If it came at the right time in their lives the magic pages burned, to their excited imagination, like those of an illuminated manuscript. On others lines of Shelley have made a similar impression, though without quite the same justification.

The healthy mind took no harm from Swinburne. Much that was extravagant, a little that was morbid, was passed by without lasting impression. Some of his eroticism was beautiful; some of it plain fudge. He had a good deal to do with founding the school of poets and prose-writers who clamor that only the illicit can possibly be "artistic"; who are as narrow and bigoted in their insistent dwelling upon one theme as any of the "Puritans" they denounce. To some extent he may have influenced the sickly band, who, as Mr. Alfred Noyes justly points out, brought poetry into disgrace and made it seem only a plaything for effeminate. Many of his longer poems, most of the dramas, are read only by students and a few others. But there remain perhaps a score of exquisite songs and lyrics, unharmed by parody, undiminished in their beauty by the lapse of nearly half a century.

And this can be said of few poets, except the supreme masters.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

GRIMAREST'S "VIE DE MOLIERE."

The bibliographers give 1705 as the date of the first edition of Grimarest's "Vie de Molière." To be sure, Brunet, "Manuel du libraire," Vol. III, col. 1808, adds the note: "Déjà impr. à Lyon"; but he doubtless intended to refer to an edition printed at Lyon by Jacques Lyons with the date 1692, which was really a pirated reprint of the 1705 edition, antedated by the printer so as to avoid being interfered with by the privileged publishers of Paris. This reprint of the "Vie," Lacroix suggests, was intended to form a part of the pirated edition of Molière's works issued by Jacques Lyons about 1710, with the fictitious date 1692 (see "Bibliographie Moliéresque," 1875, Nos. 982, 283, 300). The real *editio princeps* of the "Vie" was published at Paris in 1705 by Jacques le Febvre and by P. Ribou; it appeared in Dutch at Amsterdam in the same year. In 1706 there appeared an anonymous "Lettre critique à Mr. de *** sur le livre intitulé La vie de Molière," in reply to which Grimarest produced his "Addition [sic] à la Vie de Molière, contenant une réponse à la critique que l'on en a faite." The "Vie" was printed at Brussels in 1706, and in English with a translation of Molière's Works, London, 1714. In 1709 it was included in the five-volume edition of Molière printed at Amsterdam; and, together with the "Lettre critique" and the "Addition," in the edition printed by Denis Thierry at Paris (see Lacroix, Nos. 298, 299, 982-87). Lacroix states distinctly that the edition of 1709-10 is the first printed in France which contains the "Vie," "Lettre critique," and "Addition." A copy in the Harvard College Library (Paris, chez la Veuve Gabriel Huart, M.DCCX) contains in the first volume the above pieces, with the statement that they have not before been included in the "Œuvres de Molière," and two plays, "Le Dépit amoureux" and "L'Etourdi" (cf. T. F. Currier and E. L. Gay, "Catalogue of the Molière Collection in Harvard College Library").

An edition of Grimarest's "Vie" which apparently contradicts the foregoing statements, and seems not to have been recorded, has recently been acquired by the Yale University Library—a single volume with the following title-page:

LES ŒUVRES DE MONSIEUR DE MOLIERE, TOME I. Nouvelle & dernière Edition. Enrichies de Figures en Taille-douce. [Vignette.] A TOULOUSE, Chez JEAN-FRANÇOIS CARANOVE, près Saint Rome, à la Bible d'Or. M.DC.XCIX. AVEC PERMISSION.

On the verso of this title is the list of "Pièces contenues en ce premier volume," including prefatory matter, "La Vie de M. de Molière par Monsieur Grimarest," the "Lettre Critique," the "Addition," and two plays, "L'Etourdi" and "Le Dépit amoureux." Then follow fifteen more unnumbered leaves, containing the "Privilege du roi" granted in 1680 to Denis

Thierry for the edition of 1682; the "Permission" issued in 1696 to Dominique Desclassan, and by him transferred to Caranove, to reprint for three years in Toulouse the 1682 edition; "Avis sur cette nouvelle édition," "Table générale" of the contents of the eight volumes, "Preface" (reprinted, with variations, from the 1682 edition). "La Vie de M. de Molière" occupies pp. 1-90; the "Lettre critique," pp. 91-107; the "Addition," pp. 108-36. The remainder of the volume is filled by the plays, "L'Estourdy, ou les contre-temps," pp. 137-236; "Le Dépit amoureux," pp. 237-324, ending with the words "Fin du Tome premier." The Yale copy appears to be complete as to text, but does not have the engravings announced on the title-page. The bibliographers describe two eight-volume editions printed at Toulouse, one by Dupuy, Desclassan, and Caranove in 1697, one by Caranove in 1699; both reproducing the Paris edition of 1682 (see Lacroix, Nos. 288, 290; Lacroix adds: "Il est de tradition, à la Comédie française, que les éditions de Toulouse donnent le meilleur texte de Molière"). Since the publication of Mr. Currier's "Catalogue," the Harvard Library has acquired a set containing Vols. I-VII of the 1699 edition, completed by Vol. VIII of the 1697. A comparison of Vol. I with the single volume in the Yale Library yields curious results. The title-pages are identical in wording, with minute differences of type; H. has "prés Saint Rome" where Y. has "près," and the vignettes are quite different. H. has no sign of Grimarest's life; it contains after the title-page ten unnumbered leaves, with the preface of the 1682 edition, "Avis au lecteur," and verses; then follow four plays: "L'Etourdy ou les Contre-temps," pp. 1-114 (notice the difference in spelling); "Dépit Amoureux," pp. 115-217 (not "Le Dépit Am."); "Les Precieuses Ridicules," pp. 219-63; "Sganarelle," pp. 265-304; after p. 304 come the "Privilege du Roi" and the "Permission d'imprimer." There are occasional differences in the text of the two volumes, and Y. has three lines more to the page than H.

The Yale volume undoubtedly belongs to a pirated and antedated edition which was first mentioned in 1886 by E. Lapiere, "Les Trois éditions de Toulouse," in *Le Moliériste* (Vol. VIII, pp. 213-17). Lapiere states that in some copies of Vol. VIII of the genuine 1699 edition, Grimarest's life (1705 edition) was bound in. He then discusses the antedated edition, pointing out that its text is more correct than that of the other Toulouse editions, that the order of the plays is different, and that it contains several writings (e. g., a criticism by Bayle) which do not appear in the previously known authentic editions before 1710. However, he had seen only an imperfect copy, without engravings, and evidently not including Vol. I, for he makes no mention of the "Vie," the "Lettre Critique," and the "Addition." His conclusion is undoubtedly correct, that about 1710 some printer, whether Caranove or another, brought out an edition based on that of 1710, and dated it "Toulouse 1699" in order to take advantage of the three-year *privilege* which expired in that year.

K. MCKENZIE.

Literature

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE AND THE REFORMATION.

The Western Rebellion of 1549: An Account of the Insurrections in Devonshire and Cornwall Against Religious Innovations in the Reign of Edward VI. By Frances Rose-Troup. Illustrated. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

This elaborate account derives its importance and interest neither from the eminence of its author nor from the intrinsic value of the subject, but from the prominence of the author's sponsors and from the broad general conclusions which she (and apparently they) believe this piece of minute research establishes. As the preface states, Dr. James Gairdner read and revised the manuscript; Dr. T. N. Brushfield suggested the subject and provided material. The approval of these scholars enables us fairly to regard the book as an example of the most recent methods approved by historians of the English Reformation, whose sympathies are confessedly Roman Catholic.

The Roman Catholic view of the English Reformation teaches that its cause lay not in the wickedness of the clergy nor in the alienation of the people, but in the political ambitions of king and nobles, and that the measures by which the power of the Pope was abolished and the monasteries dissolved were stained by fraud, violence, and deceit. Until, however, popular opposition to the Reformation measures, actuated by religious preference for the old régime, could be definitively established by research so sound as to stand the test of critical investigation, the burden of proof must still lie upon the Roman Catholics. If a majority of the people did object, why did they not revolt? The object of this book is to show that they did. It is the most elaborate attempt yet made to investigate popular uprisings, and to meet the contention of recent students that the risings between 1536 and 1558 were chiefly the result of the economic crisis, and were only to a very minor extent connected with the Reformation.

The author's methods are those of the new Roman Catholic school, to let the facts speak for themselves and to withhold comment or criticism. We are explicitly told, however, that England in 1536 "from one end to the other was permeated with sedition," and the careful account of the Pilgrimage of Grace, of Exeter's Conspiracy, and the like, are obviously to show us that the seething discontent underneath the apparent apathy or acquiescence of the people burst forth several times prior to the particular outbreak with which this book deals.

How two or three thousand men, headed by a few gentlemen and priests, rose in Southwestern England in 1549, besieged Exeter, demanded the restoration of the old ceremonies, fought a "battle" or two with the royal forces, and were finally dispersed and the leaders executed, is all told with such a wealth of detail that probably the narrative of this event will never need to be rewritten. Indeed, the critical apparatus is so erudite that few but scholars well versed in the field will be able to verify the citations from pure inability to know to what they refer. The veriest tyro will identify "L. and P."; few manuscript workers will be puzzled by "Caligula E.," but "Investive, sig. e. v." will puzzle many, even though the full title of this little-known tract is quoted later in the text for another purpose. What, too, is "Cotton Appx."? The list of authorities contains neither the initials of the authors, the editions used, nor indications of relative value. The index is meagre and inaccurate. The means of filling out the indications in the footnotes are lacking. Important steps in the narrative are unsubstantiated by even such references, while abundance of exact citations is constantly poured out upon the most trivial and minor matters. We insist upon this point because the Roman Catholic or Protestant layman, for whom this volume is intended, may very probably conclude that such erudition on minor matters indicates so great erudition upon the vital facts, for which no references are given, that the mass of information could not be cited in mere footnotes. He will be apt, therefore, to accept the author's fundamental conclusions as proved.

The fallacy of such an assumption and the subtlety of such a method appear when one realizes that upon the really material facts of the inquiry—the extent of the movement in territory and in numbers, and the real sentiments of the people—the author virtually vouchsafes but one witness. Only one lengthy narrative of the event has been found, and the book is, therefore, a restatement, with some corrections and elaborate additions, of the opinion of John Hoker, or Hooker, alias Vowell. From the very considerable literature of printed and manuscript material the author was able to draw little of value on popular opinion, however voluminous were the details about troops, marches, and trials. This is the most vital count in any indictment against the general conclusions that the book seeks to establish. Only less damaging is the fact that Hoker is not shown to have been an eye-witness of these events, nor to have written his account within some brief time thereafter. He seems to have written about 1570, or perhaps later, in connection with his work on Holinshed's

"Chronicle." This fact the author is apparently unwilling to confess to her reader. Nowhere do we find the full titles or whereabouts of the various versions Hoker wrote; nowhere do we find any account of him, of his opportunities for observation, of his character, of his veracity, nor even of his connection with Exeter. Indeed, though references to "Hoker" are sprinkled throughout the book, we find no description whatever of that citation till we reach page 134, where a footnote refers us to Appendix D, a brief half-page of details concerning the manuscript copies. Worst of all, the important sections of the text, for which no citations are given, are all based on Hoker, and are not, as might otherwise be supposed, careful summaries of an amount of contemporary evidence too voluminous for citation.

The longest and most direct statements about the ideas of the people are carefully circumstantial, but obviously imaginary, descriptions of scenes and incidents, every detail of which could be supported by adequate evidence except the fact around which the description was written. When the rebels are taken to prison, the discomforts of a sixteenth-century prison are vividly described, not from evidence furnished by the rebels, but from some well-known source. We learn what manner of a court tried them by evidence drawn from Sir Thomas Smith's "Commonwealth." A chapter headed Religious Feeling in Exeter contains a few apposite quotations from Hoker, and biographical details from unimpeachable sources about the cathedral clergy and the single Exeter martyr! The chapter on the condition of the country enters into the economic argument, but advances only one specific explanation, and that not the author's own, of the claim that the agrarian discontent in the West was slight; few cases have been found in the Star Chamber or in the Court of Requests from Western England. But the records of both courts are notoriously incomplete; we know almost certainly that Western England formed a legal district quite apart from Eastern and Southern England, and that the Stannary courts of Cornwall, the manorial courts, the forest courts, or some royal council may very likely have heard such cases. Absence of evidence in this case proves literally nothing, and, least of all, that this rebellion, not being agrarian, was religious.

Even if all these rebels were animated solely by religious motives, even if we accept the largest contemporary estimate of ten thousand (Hoker's estimate is two thousand), we hardly find in these facts valid evidence regarding the opinions of some half-million souls in Western England. We must have numerous first-hand explicit opinions of actual witnesses, indirect evidence

above the suspicion of having been manufactured for any one's purpose, to demonstrate a positive attachment of the people to the Pope or to Catholic rites. It is more than probable that the vast majority throughout England would have been willing to retain the old ritual and liturgy, but that they were ready to take any active steps to preserve them must be shown by other evidence than this book affords. We must have, too, some account taken of the international situation, of the rivalries of noble factions, of the possible claims of men like Exeter upon the throne, of the "national" feeling in Cornwall (p. 221), of the common use by Protestant and Catholic alike of religious pleas to cloak all sorts of interests and schemes, before we shall see the full significance of this rebellion.

CURRENT FICTION.

Burbury Stoke. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Hopkins here returns frankly to the atmosphere and setting of the book by which he won his audience—"The Clammer." Clams are not involved in the present action, but those which figured in the earlier tale were so clearly employed as supernumeraries that they might as well have been called trout, or humming-birds, but for the immediate need of a salt-water flavor. Boats now serve the same purpose, somewhat more conventionally. The supposed narrator, who is known to us only as Peter, is not so strictly a recluse as the Clammer, since his father and sister live with him. But he has the recluse instinct, and sees little of the people who live beyond the six shore acres which he has protected with a high wall. A man invades this territory by swimming ashore from a wreck. Burbury Stoke is a handsome young Englishman, and, though he gives no account of himself, Peter takes him in as a guest for some time. Then Peter's sister, Felicia, comes home, and we perceive that Stoke is her rejected but not despised lover; Peter is less understanding, since he is made precisely according to the Clammer recipe of underheadedness and sensibility. We do for a time share Peter's uncertainty as to which of the two Marys provided for his consideration he is really in love with, but the uncertainty lasts longer on his part than on ours.

Vain Oblations. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Feminine cleverness cannot go much farther than it has gone in the writing of these seven stories. They are extremely skilful products of the art of the short story. Not one of them is built

upon a commonplace situation; and of the seven episodes here developed, none stoops to follow the line of least resistance. They are not pretty or pleasant stories; in fact, they are without exception "disagreeable," gruesome, or harrowing. Whether from instinct or method, each story is based upon an impossible situation, some human *impasse* within which lie vain struggle and suffering. The title of the initial tale thus becomes a fit title for the collection. Another thing the tales have in common is that, with a single exception, they are supposed to be told by a man—not always the same man, but some man of middle age or more, with wide experience of men, places, and things—a man of the world, in short. The style is suitable for such a person—or for a clever woman's theory of him. It is sophisticated, grim, a trifle weary—suspicious of sentiment, though dryly aware that there may be something in it. It is also adroit, alert, to the point, beyond the utmost of smoking-room colloquy. And at bottom, despite its gruffness and grimness, despite its attempt to achieve the air of the detached male, its deliberate immersion in an atmosphere of whiskey and tobacco—at bottom it is feminine, and rather morbidly feminine.

Guardian Angels. By Marcel Prévost. New York: The Macaulay Co.

M. Prévost has brought his authority as an Academician to the telling of a story with a moral. He does not believe in governesses; and undertakes to show, by four typical examples, their evil influence in French domestic life. A pleasant suggestion of their collective character is given in the second chapter, which portrays all four getting drunk together in a suite maintained by the lover of one of them. They do not deliberately plot against society; their deadly work is individual. Rosalie, the most innocent of them, becomes governess in the household of a baroness with delightful children and an affectionate husband. The girl soon comes to share the baron's esteem for his amiable wife. Notwithstanding, nature so works in her and in the baron that his abuse of her is hardly seduction. The upshot is the baron's pretended suicide and his flight from France with his fellow-victim of circumstance. The argument does not seem over-strong thus far, unless one admits that no pretty girl a degree above the rank of menial can safely be admitted into a household containing a middle-aged husband. Rosalie, Sandra the Italian, Magda the German, and Fanny the Englishwoman, in different fashion, bring havoc and ruin into the bosom of French families. We must refer the reader to the narrative for details; the author does not stint them. In translation, at least, the book is thoroughly disagreeable and only moderate-

ly impressive. It is too much like a mere story to be a good tract, and too much like a tract to be an effective story.

The Pillar of Sand. By William R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The aristocrats here brought forward and put through their paces do not strikingly remind one of the New England Brahmins one has met, whether in life or in letters. They mean to be very refined and noble and superior to proletarian clay; and that is all that can be said for them. They are less real than the aristocrats of "A Tale of Two Cities." Something may be said for the author, however. He may lay claim to the distinction of having undertaken an unpopular and disinterested task. The late David Graham Phillips used to love to assault the Harvard man and to snort at the claim for good blood. Mr. Castle does not hesitate to urge the obsolescent advantages of birth and breeding. His hero is a young Boston poet of weak exterior, but with the marrow of the Inner Circle in his bones. His villain is a fellow born without the pale, and therefore a cad, a liar, and a bully. Of course, Hugh Brandon could not steal: no Brandon ever stole. Of course, Francis Evans kept a mistress and abused her, dealt unkindly with widows, lashed children out of his path, plotted against an innocent man. His ancestors were not known on Beacon Street. The book is a queer survival; it belongs to the age of Sandford and Merton. We doubt if Boston Society will be deeply stirred by it.

Victory Law. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Co.

Victory is a great actress, but she has the scorn of any healthy woman for the supposedly accompanying "temperament." She has no intention of falling in love with more than one man, and him she wants very simply to marry, and does marry. Two other men are in love with her, but one of them has the wit to keep it to himself, and the other she manages to transform into the devoted friend he has hitherto posed as being. The real conflict of the book is that between Victory's love for her husband and her love for the theatre. Her behavior here, too, is very human. She does not stand about balancing one force against the other; she is simply overwhelmed first by one need and then by the other. Each is imperative and irresistible, and it looks as if they would tear her to pieces between them. The husband finally has his eyes opened and learns to dissociate his enemy, the theatre, from fancied corporeal rivals, sees that it is not really an enemy at all—and then the three live happily ever after.

LORD MORLEY'S NEW BOOK.

Notes on Politics and History: A University Address. By Viscount Morley, O.M. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1 net.

In the summer of 1912 Lord Morley, as Chancellor of the University of Manchester, delivered the address which forms the basis of this precious little volume. Here is the wisdom of the foremost British historian and one of the weightiest British statesmen, now living, on the interlocking subjects—history and politics. With amazing brevity Lord Morley discusses the chief elements of politics—monarchy, absolute and limited; republicanism, the development of the Cabinet, the rise and power of the press—and he illustrates each point by concrete examples, drawn from his very wide range of reading. Instead of controversy, he teaches or suggests by the clearness of his statements, but he lets you see that, before reaching any conclusions himself, he has canvassed both or all sides of the question.

Coming to history, Lord Morley takes up the various methods of writing history, passing rapidly from Thucydides to contemporary historical writers, who are, and apparently must be, specialists. He ranges himself here, as he has done vigorously in many previous essays, with the "literary" historians, always presupposing, however, that they possess the solidity of information which patient research can alone supply. He touches upon the unity of history, upon the influence of churches in determining secular politics, upon nationality, and upon the Janus-faced problem of progress. He uses Treitschke and Taine to illustrate two important matters. Cosmopolitanism—promoted by science, art, and the present international Socialists and industrial revolutionists—he refers to as the step beyond nationalism.

Of science he says: "Besides all else that it is and does, [it] is the strongest unifying agent of the time, especially if we include the inventions that science makes possible, and the commerce that inventions stimulate and nourish." Of another similar unifying agent he remarks: "The curse of industrial life is insecurity. The principle of insurance applied to risks of every kind has extended and ramified in a truly extraordinary way during the last fifty years, until it is now one of the subtlest international agencies, uniting distant interests and creating perforce a thousand mutual obligations." But he adds, later: "The recruiting sergeant now holds the international scales."

Lord Morley concludes by considering modern theories of the state, and a few of the chief exemplars of different schools—Mazzini the prophet of nationality; Cavour, who worked through Liberty and "set ideas before cannon," and Bismarck, the protagonist of Authority,

whose chosen means were blood and iron.

No summary can do justice to Lord Morley's survey, because it cannot reproduce the mellowness of his temper, or his sagacity and breadth of view, or his clear style. It would be hard to name a modern book of similar weight and significance that is written so simply. We might call this Lord Morley's political testament, were it not that on many questions he prefers to set forth the doctrines of conflicting parties rather than to emphasize or even to reveal his own. He has transmuted erudition into culture.

We note two or three slips in proof-reading, for correction in subsequent editions: "Austro-Hungary," which is as monstrous a hybrid as "Anglo-Scotland" or "Belgo-Holland," appears twice (pp. 99 and 139); the omission of a comma converts "De Maistre Proudhon" into one person, p. 114; "Pontevechio" should be "Pontevedra," p. 120, n. 1; and "Ferrari" should be "Ferrara," p. 158.

ANOTHER LIFE OF BORROW.

George Borrow and His Circle. By Clement King Shorter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3 net.

There were already four lives of Borrow in existence when Mr. Shorter finished this volume, which has taken him "ten years to write, and has been a labor of love." He tells us frankly that his intention was not to compose a formal biography, but to follow the lead of his fancy and to draw on the large stores of manuscripts by and about Borrow which form part of his inexhaustible literary treasures. This was well, though it was scarcely necessary, however characteristic, to print the testimonies in praise of his earlier achievements in this same field. For those who need an introduction to Borrow's strange career, it must be said at once that the present work will not take the place of the elaborate, if somewhat overburdened, biography published by W. I. Knapp in 1899. Mr. Shorter also, from a proper wish to avoid unnecessary repetition of what others have done, makes little use of the "Letters of George Borrow to the Bible Society," edited by T. H. Darlow in 1911, which give so vivid an account of Borrow's life in Russia and Spain, and on which Herbert Jenkins drew so heavily in his biography, is used about the same time.

Nor will the reader of critical taste find in Mr. Shorter's pages any attempt to throw a new light on Borrow's philosophy of life. Our annalist takes his task jauntily, and, if truth be told, is occasionally a bit down at the heels in his way of proceeding. He is at his best, we think, in the chapters that deal with his hero's early years in Norfolk and London. Here he has followed Borrow

with indefatigable industry, and has untangled his wanderings and friendships as no one hitherto had been able to do. We get a clear idea of what Borrow was doing in those years when he was articulated to Messrs. Simpson & Rackham, of Norwich, ostensibly studying the law, but in reality learning outlandish languages and preparing himself for his career of philological vagabondage. More particularly Mr. Shorter has made Sir Richard Phillips, the publisher under whom Borrow served his hard literary apprenticeship in London, a precise human figure, although the outcome in its larger lines is not much different from the portrait in "Lavengro." In regard to the mysterious novel, "The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell," of which Borrow gives an account in "Lavengro," but of which no trace has ever been found, Mr. Shorter broaches a new theory. Dr. Knapp tried to get round the difficulty by declaring that it "was not a book at all, and the author of it never said that it was"—an explanation which Mr. Shorter promptly invalidates by showing that in nine lines of "Lavengro" the author four times refers to it distinctly as a "book." His own suggestion is taken from a letter of John Borrow's of 1829, which contains this significant passage: "Let me know how you sold your manuscript." Now as there is no record of the sale of any other manuscript in that year, Mr. Shorter asks whether this may not have been the lost "Joseph Sell," which the author, by a lapse of memory of the sort only too common with him, threw back to 1825. The suggestion is ingenious, but hardly more. Borrow had abundance of manuscript poems which he was likely enough to have been trying to vend in 1829, or in any other of his early years. It is easier just to suppose that "Sell" was never sold, except in the writer's imagination.

The manuscript material from which Dr. Knapp drew his book is now in the archives of the Hispanic Society in New York. The most important of the biographical documents in the possession of Mr. Shorter are the letters of Borrow to his wife and the correspondence of his step-daughter, Mrs. MacOubrey, by means of which he tries to mitigate the rather disagreeable impression we have had of Borrow at home and in his old age. From several chance expressions Dr. Knapp concluded that money, and not love, was the motive of Borrow's marriage to a widow aged about forty and somewhat his senior, and to discredit this insinuation Mr. Shorter now prints at length a number of Borrow's letters to her. These documents, not very interesting in themselves, leave it still quite possible to conjecture that when our Benedick came, as he says, "to suffer the halter," he had in mind, besides other feelings, no doubt, his

own adage: "Marriage is by far the best way of getting possession of an estate." But they do prove abundantly that he was a devoted and very dependent husband, and it is pleasant to have this softer light thrown on his somewhat embittered years of retirement.

Those who are familiar with Borrow's "Wild Wales" will be ready to believe that he was fond of his step-daughter Henrietta, and will be glad to have the worst stories about her challenged. After Mrs. Borrow's death it will be remembered that Borrow lived with his step-daughter and her husband, Dr. MacOubrey. This is Dr. Knapp's well-known account of his death, which conforms to the village gossip of the last thirty years:

On the 26th of July, 1881, Mr. Borrow was found dead in his house at Oulton. The circumstances were these. His step-daughter and her husband drove to Lowestoft in the morning on some business of their own, leaving Mr. Borrow without a living soul in the house with him. He had earnestly requested them not to go away because he felt that he was in a dying state; but the response intimated that he had often expressed the same feeling before, and his fears had proved groundless. During the interval of these few hours of abandonment nothing can palliate or excuse, George Borrow died as he had lived—*alone!*

In rebuttal of this hateful charge Mr. Shorter quotes letters showing that the relations between Borrow and his daughter were of the kindest sort, and cites this brief note from her diary: "George Borrow died at three o'clock this morning." His comment on these words is convincing: "It is scarcely possible that Borrow's step-daughter and her husband could have left him alone at three o'clock in the morning in order to drive into Lowestoft, less than two miles distant. At this time, be it remembered, Dr. MacOubrey was eighty-one years of age." No doubt the story of Borrow's lonely death is legendary, at least in the precise form in which it has come down to us, but from the facts which Mr. Shorter himself admits the life of the three old people at Oulton was of a strange and unconventional kind, and it is more than probable that Borrow suffered from, perhaps unintentional, neglect.

Withal we have to thank Mr. Shorter for an entertaining and informing book on a subject which ought to be dear to every lover of good literature. May he give us others of the same sort from his great collection of documents. But one of his footnotes alarms us a little. He contemplates, he says, an edition of Borrow's works which is to include unpublished verse and, apparently, other new material. That may be of service to Borrow and to letters; but, alas, it may also be the reverse. There is no surer way to lessen the number of an

author's readers than by loading his works with a mass of his second-rate and ephemeral writings which ought to have been burned by the first person into whose hands they fell. Mr. Shorter, in the opinion of some people, has already committed this unpardonable sin in the case of another, and we are uneasy for our much-loved Borrow.

THE IRELAND OF PARNELL.

Twenty-five Years' Reminiscences. By Katharine Tynan. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$3.50 net.

The present reviewer's card of membership in the Irish National League is dated September 1, 1887—his twenty-first birthday—and is signed by "Tim" Harrington. In his youthful days he bought the suppressed *United Ireland* (at three-pence the copy) from ragged urchins who lurked in the doorways of Dame Street and College Green, and not infrequently produced the famous journal from under their shirts. Many a time in the dark days of 1882-1884 he saw "Foxy Jack" Spencer, with his flaming red beard and brave sad face, clatter down the street on horseback surrounded by his clanking escort of dragoons. He trudged away of a Sunday to Clontarf or Dundrum or what not to hear "Tim" Healy and "Joe" Biggar take a fall out of Col. Saunderson or Johnston of Ballykilbeg. He, too, has been in Sarah Atkinson's house, and she in his; and he has heard Rosa Mulholland read aloud from her wonderful store of fairy-tales, and knew the adventures of "Puck and Blossom" before ever printer saw the manuscript. He, too, was born into print in the *Irish Monthly* under Father "Matt" Russell, surely the kindest, most painstaking, and most patient of all editors that ever lived. How, then, in Heaven's name, is he to "deal faithfully" with Katharine Tynan's "Reminiscences," the pages of which are besprent with names like these? What is there for him to do but give thanks to Heaven—and to his editor—that the book came his way, and to pray that it may so come to others of his race and time who, like himself, are twenty-five or thirty years away from Innisfail?

For it is for these that the book is written. There is in it something for those who are of to-day and of other lands. The chapters on the Rossettis and the Meynells will interest those who care little for the days of Parnell and the Ireland of the Land League, and there are anecdotes of William Morris, of Cardinal Manning, of Russell, of Killowen, of Oscar Wilde, of W. B. Yeats, and so forth, which will bear detaching and resetting. But it is first and last a book for Irishmen of the "Parnell times," written without restraint as intimately as a diary, wherein great and small, tragic and trivial, mingle and

jostle as in a crowd. There is little form to it, no artifice whatever, and an utter naïveté of expression that is in itself a plea in avoidance of criticism. If one must pass judgment on it, then let it be quickly said that the chapters covering the author's childhood days are the best in form and expression, that some of her swans have a little of the honest "goose-look" about them in the cold gray light of twenty years after, and that it is precisely the unstudied, unfinished, disorderly arrangement of the matter that gives the book its peculiar charm for those for whom it is written.

The author is—or at least was—a good hater and a most loyal lover. She has perhaps added a line or two to the picture of Mr. Parnell as it stands to-day in the memory of Irishmen. The closing chapters on the "Parnell split" and 1891 vividly revive recollections of those sad days when the "dying lion" was making his last fight and when Irishmen were so sharply divided, and so bitterly. She tries to be just to the anti-Parnellites: "There may have been some honest among them," she admits! And she has at least had little to say of them *nominatim*, but, if one may say so, there is eloquent emphasis in her silences. These two chapters will make many an old wound sting again for a moment, and perhaps twenty-five years from now when she writes of her "fifty years" she may find it in her heart to delete here and there a sentence—there are not many—and save some one a smart in his old age. For Irishmen all they were in those days, however much they differed.

She ends her book with the burial of Mr. Parnell, and it is a striking picture that she draws of the last scene:

We stood near the grave-head inside the line of *camans*. The storm had passed by, and it was very still and chilly, the air suffused with a clear green and gold light, the autumn evening fast drawing in. Stars were looking out of the quiet sky; and a great peace had fallen in the wake of the storm. At last came the procession and the solemn funeral service of the English church. . . . The voice of the reader was a good voice and he did justice to the glorious words. The great crowd, nearly altogether a Catholic crowd, listened in a mournful silence to the living words of hope and consolation while the Gaels, with their linked *camans*, kept the pressure away from the grave.

The service went on to its close.

"Man born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery; he cometh up and is cut down like a flower: he fleeth as it were a shadow and never continueth in one stay."

The coffin was lowered. A woman shrieked, and there was a second's confusion; then stillness and the silvery voice of the reader. But as earth touched earth—and any one who was present will bear me out in this—the most glorious meteor sailed across the clear space of the heavens and fell suddenly. He had omens and portents to the end.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT ON CIVICS

How France Is Governed. By Raymond Poincaré. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. \$2.25.

If any one is qualified to tell "how France is governed" it ought to be a man who, after being a lawmaker for twenty-five years, a Minister for five or six, and a lawyer all the time, finally was elected to preside over the government of France. Obviously, when he wrote, for a publication addressed to young people, these elementary chapters on civics, M. Poincaré did not dream that they would appear in book form and be translated in foreign languages after he became President. But politics, nowadays, plays such tricks on Presidents of republics with literary pasts. M. Poincaré, however, has no reason to be ashamed of his book. Written for young Frenchmen, it will prove instructive to readers of all ages everywhere. The childlike simplicity, the familiar style, the homely similes, and humorous anecdotes can but add to its pedagogical value. Even if the author were not an expert conveying first-hand information on the workings of the government of which he is a part, his well-known lucidity of style and the solid historical background of his exposition would make the book invaluable for the students of politics.

It has, however, another and more personal interest. French Presidents, like Constitutional monarchs, once in office, have to confine their public utterances within the limits of universally accepted truisms. Hence there is something refreshing in getting here some of the last personal expressions of M. Poincaré's political thought before he became President. Thus the story of the Minister of Finance who, on an excursion through Auvergne, heard a peasant addressing his donkey as a "devilish Minister," is an amusing and instructive philological illustration, seemingly drawn from his own experience. The remarks about the "lamentable taste" of the frescoes in the bathrooms of the Château of Rambouillet may be of interest to artists only, although there is some humor in the fact that now he must use these bathrooms himself. But his political opponents, who have been accusing him of vague dictatorial designs, ought to rejoice to hear him condemn plébiscites as serving to confiscate popular sovereignty, while seeming to ratify it. The advocates of state ownership will welcome the statement that certain state-owned services are "indispensable to the progress of civilization," while the other side cannot but be pleased to hear M. Poincaré characterize state management of industrial affairs as being often "clumsy, idle, and dilatory." Furthermore, those who are familiar with the President's oft-expressed doctrines will not be surprised to

hear him chide his fellow-citizens for their extreme reliance on the state as on a Providence that ought to distribute "relief, subventions, awards." Thus admonition mingles freely with exposition and narrative with description in this book, which aims at being both a textbook and a guide for good citizenship.

Unfortunately, the chapter on the military law is already out of date, and the very interesting treatment of the Wallon amendment has been entirely marred by a mistranslation complicated by a misprint.

Notes

The University of Chicago Press announces the publication of "Masters of the Wilderness," by Charles B. Reed.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces for publication early next month "South Africa" (The English People Overseas series), by A. Wyatt Tilby.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company will publish on Saturday "Pidgin Island," by Harold MacGrath.

John Lane Company will publish on Saturday: "Napoleon at Bay"; "The Tower of Mirrors," by Vernon Lee; "The Fortunate Youth," by William J. Locke.

Among the volumes announced for immediate publication by the Harvard University Press are: "The Spiritual Message of Dante," by William Boyd Carpenter (the William Belden Noble lectures for 1912-13); "Works of Vitruvius," translated by the late Prof. M. H. Morgan and edited by Professor Howard and Professor Warren; "The Harvard Expedition to Samaria," by Dr. George A. Reisner.

Students of the French Renaissance will welcome the reproductions of "Manuscripts à Peintures de l'Ecole de Rouen," prepared by Georges Ritter, of the Bibliothèque de Rouen and issued by the Société de l'Histoire de Normandie. The chief works of the school of Rouen owed their inspiration to Cardinal d'Amboise, and the influence of the models which he brought back from Italy is distinctly traceable in the beautifully executed manuscripts of Petrarch, Josephus, and Ovid, of which the finest pages are here reproduced. There are also illustrations from books of hours of the more strictly Norman school which followed.

Sidgwick and Jackson (Cambridge, Eng.) have issued an edition of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," with an introduction which relates the history of the book, and collects what evidence is available for the identification of the principal characters. The preface is written by Lord Kilbracken—better known, perhaps, as Sir Arthur Godley—who is a distinguished old Rugby player.

Much interest has been aroused in England in the career of a new writer, Patrick MacGill, who has just written an autobiographical story, "Children of the Dead End." Though now only twenty-two years of age, he has worked for several years as a farm laborer and as

a navvy. He wrote his first verses at the age of twelve while working from 5 A. M. to 11 P. M. as a farm hand in the Irish midlands.

A London publishing firm, according to Mr. C. K. Shorter, admits that last year it made more money out of selling rights of cinema production than out of publishing proper. But the picture palaces are starting a new copyright problem. At the last meeting of the committee of management of the Authors' Society it was stated that many authors and playwrights were being placed in a serious position, owing to the use by various film manufacturers of titles which had been employed by the authors for their books and plays. After hearing evidence on the point, the committee decided to take a test case into the courts. In the event of an unfavorable judgment, the Government is to be asked for remedial legislation.

Last year the two thousand charities in the British Isles of which particulars were forthcoming, had a total income of sixty-four millions of dollars. This was an increase of \$1,000,000 over 1911. Such are the facts which the twenty-fifth edition of "Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" (London: The Scientific Press) is able to record. The volume contains its usual fulness of detail, despite the difficulty of obtaining the information sought owing to the inexcusable failure of institutions to respond to repeated requests. A good word is spoken for this country in the statement that "the better managed hospitals of the United States are gradually waking up to the necessity for some uniform system of keeping their accounts."

THE "Centenary Volume 1810-1910" of the Royal Belfast Academical Institution (Belfast: McCaw, Stevenson & Orr) is an extraordinarily complete record of the foundation, the struggle for existence, and the final success of what was for many years the most important teaching institution in Protestant Ireland. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Belfast, then a small but flourishing community, whose conditions and needs at that time are here described in detail, had a few fairly good private schools, but no public endowment for secondary or collegiate education. The Institution was founded by Belfast merchants, and thereafter maintained by them in the face of discouragement by the British Government, which was easily persuaded by the authorities at Dublin that it would be unwise to foster the education of the "disloyal" inhabitants of Belfast. A niggardly grant from London was awarded at last but was suspended for several years with the excuse that the school was not approved by the strictest Presbyterians in Ireland. The Institution, however, prospered in spite of meagre salaries for the instructors, unfinished buildings, of which Soane, the founder of the Soane Museum in London, was the unpaid architect, and, above all, in spite of the machinations of the Presbyterian Synod. Its history is a monument to the effective power of Scotch-Irish "grit." But it owed its success chiefly to the distinguished men who consented to teach

there for salaries ranging from £50 to £150. Among these was James Thomson, the father of Lord Kelvin, who, appointed at a salary of £50, held the chair of mathematics for seventeen years until he was called to Glasgow. The Institution, therefore, claims Lord Kelvin as one of her sons and gives him a full-page portrait, though he was only about eight years old when his family removed to Glasgow. The Institution aspired to become the University of Ulster, but the organization in 1845 of the Provincial colleges in Ireland and the opening of Queen's University curtailed this ambition. Among the famous men who were educated there were Allingham and Ferguson, the poets; Dill, the well-known authority on Roman Society; Darbishire, the classical scholar; Sir Joseph Larmor, the physicist; Sir Almroth Wright, the pathologist; Sir Donald Currie, the shipowner; Lord Pirrie, the shipbuilder, and many others whose portraits and biographies are given in this volume.

AFTER the coöperative histories of England from the hands of specialists, like the series edited by Oman, Poole, or Traill, there is a reversion to the J. R. Green type of a considerable survey from a single hand. In the first volume of his new "History of England and the British Empire" (Macmillan), Arthur D. Innes gives the story of English political growth, from the invasion of Cæsar to the end of the Wars of the Roses. The Tudor and Stuart period, from 1485 to 1689, will fill his second volume, and the last two hundred and twenty-five years the third and fourth volumes, bringing the narrative down to 1914. In thus giving a full half of his space to the period since 1685—a period which occupies less than a fifth of the space in J. R. Green's "Short History"—Mr. Innes wisely recognizes the increasing desire of readers to have the complicated recent history more fully treated than is usually done in the ordinary handbooks. The great economic changes, the important constitutional developments, the rapid growth of the overseas dominions, and the widening sphere of government activity in social legislation, amply justify this shifting of emphasis to the more modern times. In the volume before us Mr. Innes gives a clear impression of the unity and continuity of national development. He writes a brisk narrative of the political history for a period, and then adds a good summary of the growth of commerce and industry, of social changes, and of the development of literature during the same period. He gives more attention to Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, which are to be parts of the British Empire, and less attention to the details of constitutional history than most of the larger handbooks. His narrative, so far as we have tested it, is accurate and acquainted with the best scholarship, and is also very readable.

THERE is unquestionably a certain amount of careful information in Philippe Bunau-Varilla's "Panama: Its Creation, Destruction, and Resurrection" (McBride, Nast), but this is inevitably lost in the immense display of the author's vanity. For these 550 pages are one long look of

the writer upon his work with ineffable satisfaction at finding it good in every part. It has been said that Charles Sumner's egotism was so great as to be equivalent to an insult to every man he talked with, but M. Bunau-Varilla leaves Sumner and all other vain men of whom there is a record gasping far behind him. His self-complacency is so colossal that the reader soon ceases to resent it, and merely rocks with laughter at it. Bunau-Varilla is Tartarin and a *cadet de Gascogne* rolled into one and delivering himself page after page in the most pompous and *staccato* style of Victor Hugo. He concedes, grudgingly as it were, something to the Creator for having made the Isthmus of Panama, and to Lesseps for having conceived the idea of cutting it, but all the rest he claims for himself. It was he who devised the modification of the original plans, which would have made the canal feasible and saved the company from bankruptcy, if only France had not been led astray by calumniators and traitors. Then it was Bunau-Varilla who converted the United States from Nicaragua to Panama, captured Mark Hanna, persuaded Roosevelt, compelled Congress to reverse its vote. It was he, again, who first thought of and plotted and carried out the revolution in Panama; who used John Hay and President Roosevelt and the American navy as his toys and tools; who, in fact, did everything that was worth doing and that was well done in connection with building the Panama Canal. A stupid engineering board has not yet come round to his notion of the "Straits of Panama," but this will surely be seen in time. M. Bunau-Varilla, however, does not wait for that in order to emit a pæan of self-praise. His book is so inflated with vainglory throughout that you finish it with all other feeling put aside except that you have been standing in the presence of the most ridiculous braggart who ever put himself in print.

FIVE new volumes of the Loeb Classical Library, though they perhaps show some improvement over earlier issues, only confirm the common judgment that a grave and, it may be, irreparable error was committed in entrusting the publishing of the series to a house which apparently lacks the sense of good form and style in book-making. We speak not of the Macmillan Company, who import the volumes, but who, if we are rightly informed, have no responsibility for their manufacture. That responsibility must be shared between William Heinemann and the general editors, and we can only wonder whether they are aware of the sort of comments that are commonly passed on the mechanical execution of their duty. In this respect, the Latin volumes are, as a rule, decidedly better than the Greek, but some of these, too, leave much to be desired. In the present issue, the first volume of the Suetonius is particularly bad. From the use of poor paper and from imperfect registering the lines often show through the page in a way quite offensive to the eye. The Cicero is less open to criticism in this respect, but even here one is annoyed by turning from a double-leaded to a single-leaded page, or *vice*

versa, in the Latin text, when a little intelligence on the part of the printer would have arranged the lines and notes so as to avoid this fault. The Horace does not suffer from this defect, but lacks distinction, and is in its appearance without a touch of the "simple elegance" (to use Professor Bennett's happy rendering) which that poet might claim as a right. Of the two Greek volumes, one, the Dio Cassius, has a very clear impression of the text, and only suffers from unnecessary alternation of crowded and open type. The other, the second volume of Julian, is printed in such a way as sadly to try the eyes and temper of the reader.

WE have spoken of this mechanical aspect of the Loeb Library at what may seem undue length, but it is really a matter of supreme importance to the success of the undertaking. Otherwise, one recognizes gladly that excellent work is going into the books. Among the present volumes the palm for dexterous translation will probably go to Prof. C. E. Bennett for his rendering of the Odes and Epodes of Horace. He has eschewed metre, but has given his language a sufficiently poetical cast, without overstepping the bounds of prose taste. We have dipped into the book in many places, and have nowhere found a passage which seemed to us clumsy or inadequate, and have, on the contrary, often been surprised at the skilful imitation in English of some precious phrase or line which we had supposed incommutable. An index partly, but by no means wholly, supplies the absence of the few notes that should have been added, and very brief introductions might well have been furnished for some of the Odes.

THE volumes differ oddly in this matter of aids to the reader. In this respect, Prof. J. C. Rolfe has been unusually generous and judicious in the first volume of his Suetonius. His translation also is good, although at times the style becomes a bit languid. In some ways the task of Walter Miller in rendering Cicero's "De Officiis" was even more difficult than that of transferring Horace into English prose. Mr. Miller in one of his notes explains the difficulty as being due to the fact that Cicero had to invent terms to correspond to the ethical vocabulary of the Greek Stoics, and that explanation is no doubt in large measure correct; but beyond it lies the impossibility of finding words in any modern tongue which will convey the exact meaning of some of the classical conceptions of morals and manners. Nor is it much easier to find an equivalent for the Greek *καθήκον* than for the Latin *officium* which Cicero uses. And in the nature of this difference in ethical ideas, it may be said in passing, lies the greatest value of classical study, as well as the impossibility of getting this value by the use of translations alone. Mr. Miller, in our judgment, has been successful in his search for the nearest possible equivalents for the Latin terminology, and has known how to be helpful in his notes without being diffuse. Were this the place, however, we should like to quarrel with his note on

I, xliii, in which he finds Cicero inconsistent in dealing with "wisdom" and the "bonds of union between gods and men." Possibly a closer tracking of Cicero's ideas in this place might lead to a clearer notion of the relation between the ideal *sapiens* and the man of practical morality.

MRS. WILMER CAVE WRIGHT adds the second volume to her Julian, of which we shall probably have more to say when the third, and concluding, volume has appeared. A translation of "the Apostate" is not so easy as it may seem, and Mrs. Wright is carrying out her task with notable success. In a few places her rendering is questionable, and once (p. 33), by an odd slip, she has given "staff" for the Cynic's *τρίβωνα*. A new project begins with Earnest Cary's translation of the "Roman History" of Dio Cassius. It was proposed at first to revise for this purpose the version by Foster published in Troy, N. Y., in 1905-06, but the revision was so radical that the general editors properly give the credit and responsibility of the work to the later man. The present edition when complete will run to nine volumes, the first, which now appears, containing the fragments of books i to xi. The various forms of a fragment, when such occur, are arranged on the same page.

ERNEST CUSHING RICHARDSON, who is Princeton's librarian, has studied and written to no small extent on the history of libraries. A volume on "Some Old Egyptian Librarians" appeared about two years ago. There have also been essays, in the professional magazines, on mediæval libraries, and other similar topics. And now we have "The Beginnings of Libraries," published at the Princeton University Press. Dr. Richardson looks upon these, including the present book, each as a "sort of preliminary report or investigation in the field, pending full and systematic report." This would seem to indicate that a complete work is contemplated, and that these books and essays will form parts of that work. It is likely to be on a rather ample scale. For when an author can produce a fair-sized little book of a hundred and seventy-odd pages, and scarcely touch his subject at all, any "full and systematic report" which he may make is sure to be pretty exhaustive. Some idea of his method may be gained from reading the third chapter, on the Definition of the Library. Dr. Richardson argues that a single book may be a library, that a single word may be a book, and that a single sign or dot may be a word. Therefore, we are led to the conclusion that any single mark or dot which means anything is a library. Surely, this is a case where the "scientific method" parts company with common-sense, and where it had been better to follow common-sense. Otherwise, an absolutely limitless field of unprofitable speculation is opened, and the investigator must ramble forever in a fog. There follow chapters on Antediluvian Libraries, Libraries of the Gods, Animal and Plant Libraries, Preadamite Libraries, and so on. All that the learned author can do is to

indulge in learned guess-work about subjects of which nobody has knowledge. The remainder of the book is devoted to "quipus," message-sticks, wampum, leopard-teeth, tattooing, and other topics belonging properly enough to the anthropologist. Chapters about The Administration of Primitive Libraries and The Beginnings of Library Schools come near the close of the book, and indicate what can be done when a conscientious scholar tries his best to make a chapter out of nothing, and forgets to use his sense of the absurd.

"CAMBRIDGE Poets, 1900-1913" (Cambridge, England: Heffer) is an anthology of verse written by Cambridge men, and a few Cambridge women, during the period mentioned, and piously collected by Aelfrida Tillyard. Surprisingly few of the poems owe their inspiration to University scenes or traditions; nor does the collection as a whole indicate that Cambridge has in the past few years produced any especial "school" of poets. It must, indeed, be reluctantly admitted that, though this volume contains some very creditable work, the general standard, whether of inspiration or of metrical skill, is by no means high; it is, in point of fact, hardly high enough to justify Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's apology for the volume made in the preface that he contributes: "I shall take it to be conceded, at this time of day, not only that good poetry is worth writing, but that our language has a capacity and our nation a rather special aptitude for it." Elsewhere in his preface, Sir Arthur speaks a "small word of protest," deploring the predominance of the lyric form that he finds in the volume, and seeing in it the reflection of an unfortunate tendency of the age. In a collection, however, most of the contents of which is the product of adolescence, the predominance of the lyric is entirely natural. Much of the verse, as was to be expected, is imitative, and in two instances, certainly, the legends "with apologies to Robert Browning," and "with apologies to Rudyard Kipling" might not inappropriately have been appended to the respective titles. One of the most interesting pieces in the book is Harold Monroe's "God," a clever poem in dramatic form. A pleasing fancy, gracefully phrased, is James Elroy Flecker's "Oak and Olive." We quote two stanzas:

I ponder how from Attic seed
There grew an English tree,
How Byron like his heroes fell,
Fighting a country free,
And Swinburne took from Shelley's lips
The kiss of poetry.

And while our poets chanted Pan
Back to his pipes and power,
Great Verrall, bending at his desk,
And searching hour on hour
Found out old gardens, where the wise
May find a Spartan flower.

There are some unfortunate examples of careless proofreading, notably on p. 58 ("The Challenge," third line), where the insertion of the word "own," evidently from the line above, gives an extra foot to the verse; and on p. 101 (third line from the bottom), where "beauties" is an obvious mistake for "beauty's."

"BUSINESS Organization and Combination" (Macmillan), by Lewis H. Haney, is the first attempt to present a systematic treatise on industrial organization. Written primarily as a college textbook, it should be estimated from this point of view. There have been many books on corporations and Trusts, but this differs from its predecessors in treating more systematically of the general nature and evolution of business forms. It considers the characteristics and adaptability of the individual entrepreneur, the partnership, joint-stock company, and corporation, and then investigates the development of the pool, the Trust, the holding company, the amalgamation, and merger. In each case the author has endeavored to weigh the advantages and disadvantages from the social point of view, a purpose which is admirable, but is in many cases carried out with such detail as seriously to confuse the student. The book lays its stress upon the administrative and legal aspects of business organization, and intentionally eliminates financial problems so far as possible. This results in depriving it of much attractive and useful material and leaves in many portions only dull administrative details of less fundamental value. For example, the chapter which discusses simple Trusts, such as real-estate Trusts, might well have been left to a legal treatise, and the one on internal organization seems superfluous. On the other hand, more attention might well have been given to corporation finance than the scanty treatment in the chapters on promotion, underwriting, and reorganization. But in view of the fact that the question of public policy occupies an important portion of the book, the most surprising omission is the failure to consider the history and interpretation of the Sherman Anti-Trust act, upon which has centred all discussion of the Trust problem for the past fifteen years. The author urges the need of a new form of organization to fill the gap between the partnership and the corporation, and suggests the limited-liability association. The book is well supplied with documentary material, and in spite of its omissions is a distinct addition to the literature of the subject.

"THE Ways of the South Sea Savage" (Lippincott), by Robert W. Williamson, is well defined by the sub-title as "a record of travel and observation amongst the savages of the Solomon Islands and primitive coast and mountain peoples of New Guinea." It is a volume of ethnological observations, interspersed with personal experiences and small adventures, gathered from cannibalistic tribes which had not hitherto been studied and the existence of which was hardly known, and is remarkable for its completeness, when the circumstances of the investigator are considered. Mr. Williamson is a lawyer, of London, who had nourished for many years the desire to do something of this character, but had been repeatedly prevented from beginning. He was entirely inexperienced in travelling in savage regions or in field investigations, was alone and weak with illness most of the time, and always at the mercy of

savages who, he well knew, had less regard for human life than for that of the pig which takes so large a place in their ceremonial as well as practical affairs. Yet he brought back an amazing amount of novel and coherent information, including large collections of material objects to illustrate the cultural stage and manner of life of each tribe visited. These, and the author's account, seem to indicate that the mountain tribes of New Guinea resemble in their habits and way of looking at things the more debased Africans of the upper Congo valley more nearly than they do any other barbarians. Mr. Williamson believes them to be a remnant of an aboriginal Negrito stock. The book, which is copiously illustrated from excellent photographs, is one that no student of the ethnology of New Guinea or of the Solomon Islands can afford to neglect.

AFTER seven years' labor, the Swedish Emigration Commission has finished its investigations into the conditions, in Sweden and in America, that may have promoted the emigration of large numbers of the healthiest and most energetic of the younger generations of Swedish farmers and city laborers. In his final report (Betänkande; Stockholm: Nordiska Bokhandeln), Gustav Sundbärg, the Commissioner, gives a summary of the twenty accompanying monographs, preceded by a statistical history of Sweden, the whole making a volume of 892 pages. Professor Sundbärg's conclusions are interesting from several points of view. He sees in the presence in America of friends and relatives one of the chief attractions that cause the present large emigration to this country. But the deeper cause he discovers in economic and social conditions in Sweden, the cure for which can come only from economic enterprise and social reforms. He adds that the present large influx of immigrants to this country from Southern and Eastern Europe is not calculated to attract immigrants of Germanic race. And this is serious for America, because:

If we consider who the men were that built up the present greatness of the United States, we find at once that it has been, in the first place, immigrant Anglo-Saxons, Germans, Scandinavians, and Hollanders, and their descendants, in the second, and a few following generations. And, further:

It is manifest that other times are at hand in the economic life of the United States. We have above taken the liberty to declare the crisis of 1907 as the probable turning-point. During the last years progress has not come like an avalanche, as heretofore. The degree of rapidity shows more and more a tendency to become comparable with that of, e. g., Germany, which in itself is very fine, but still does not correspond to what Americans have been accustomed to regard as normal.

Professor Sundbärg also remarks the extensive method of American agriculture, the devastation of our forests, and the fast-diminishing mineral resources of the land.

Harry Thurston Peck, who shot himself on Monday at Stamford, Conn., was born on November 24, 1856, at Stamford. He received his A.B. from Columbia in

1881, his A.M. a year later, and his L.H.D. in 1884, having in the previous year received the Ph.D. from Cumberland University. Becoming a tutor in Latin at Columbia soon after his graduation, he was appointed in 1904 to the chair of Anthon professor of the Latin language and literature, a position which he resigned in 1910. Professor Peck enjoyed a wide reputation as a classical scholar and an authority on Latin philology. He was editor of the *Bookman* from 1895 to 1902, and literary editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* from 1897 to 1902. He also edited a number of important publications, including "Harper's Classical Dictionary," the "International Encyclopædia," the "New International Encyclopædia," the "Library of the World's Literature," and the Columbia University "Studies in Classical Philology." Among his other writings may be mentioned "The Semitic Theory of Creation," "Latin Pronunciation," "The Adventures of Mabel," "The Personal Equation," "What Is Good English?" a volume of poems called "Greystone and Porphyry," "Life of Prescott," "The New Baedeker," "History of Classical Philology," and a translation of Petronius's "Trimalchio's Feast."

Science

THE BODY AND SOUL.

Matter and Some of its Dimensions. By William Kearney Carr. Library of Living Thought. New York: Harper & Bros.

The criticism of this book, which attempts to link the actions of man, occurring in space of three dimensions, to his spirit, which is supposed to exist in a space having four dimensions, is a difficult task. The first part requires a knowledge of physics, but the author fortifies himself against criticism by stating that "of all the attributes of the human mind, those which characterize the average orthodox scientist . . . are the least attractive." And as the second part finds the soul entangled in the body and influenced by its weaknesses, the author disposes of the criticism of his medical facts by saying that the majority of physicians cannot shake off the early influence of official training and that they often confound hasty generalizations with facts. He lastly characterizes himself thus: "All progress is from below upward; hence we should expect to hear wisdom from the humble and the unintelligent." Then he classes St. Francis of Assisi and Jesus with himself in the category of the humble and unintelligent from whom we should expect to hear wisdom.

The author's train of thought resolves itself into this: The modern theories of physics have replaced matter by electricity, which is a moral agent, and has sublimated material substance into immaterial ether. (He should read Sir Oli-

ver Lodge's arguments for the massive nature of the ether published in this same Library.) This ether is but one of a series of ethers, each more immaterial than the preceding of the series; he settles on five as the proper number for this series. Matter is a stress in the coarsest of these ethers, and this gigantic stress cannot be kept up, "without a personality of some kind exerting it, and hence it is literally true that in the body or mind of some great Being all things do live." By a simple sifting process these five grades of ethers separate into five rings, each of a homogeneous sort, and the electrons of matter are entangled in the grossest ether only, which, of course, is the most immoral of them all. This is true because the author prints a picture showing just how it looks. "The only shocking element in the concept is that it places man so low in the scale of existence—almost at the foot of the ladder." But he takes some comfort in the fact that, while a man's body exists in this low form of ether and must be satisfied with only three dimensions of space, his soul is at the same time living in the next ring of ether and so can have four dimensions and a much better existence.

The body and the soul have a serious time of it, as one may well imagine, and it is no wonder that men are wayward, for their two identities are continually striving against each other. The thing to do is to get out of three-dimensional space and out of our bodies. This we do when we have visions or hallucinations. The author knows how to help us, for he has done it. Being a humble man, he has got into the four-dimensional space only twice in his life, and both times only after periods of great mental distress. Unfortunately he cannot tell us what he saw, for his eyes, his tongue, and his pen only operate in three dimensional space. But he does tell us how to follow him: "That the perfectly normal, well-sustained animal, man, ever reaches a great fundamental truth by deduction is to be doubted." We must make ourselves abnormal in order to have the vision of pure truth. Any of these ways will do—"a blow on the head, a brain lesion, the delirium of fever, prolonged fasting, or a congenital eversion of the nervous system." These are all pretty severe methods, and his other recipe of eating rice is probably just as good.

After these specimens of the writer's logic, it is needless to point out that his facts, whether drawn from physics, medicine, or from psychology, are for the most part false, or are twisted to mean things which are not germane to them.

It would have served no purpose to consider this book at length if it had appeared in the form of the usual freakish production. But included, as it is, in

a collection whose preceding volumes have borne the names of distinguished men of science who, while they may have indulged in a certain amount of speculation, yet had accurate knowledge at their command and did not confuse fact and fancy, this book assumes a certain importance and authority. It is an example, too, of the perils that confront any scholar who fills his head with vague scientific phrases and formulae and then fuses these with equally vague ethical and religious ideas. There is more of this confused sort of thinking abroad, and even in high places, than might be supposed.

The Harvard University Press will publish shortly "Readings in Scientific Management," edited by C. B. Thompson, and "Preservatives for Food: Their Use and Abuse," by Dr. Otto Folin.

John Lane Company announces for publication on Saturday "The Garden Patch," by Edward Du Bois Flint.

Drama

REACTION IN FRANCE.

PARIS, March 10.

French plays, like French novels, have sometimes their vogue abroad after they have lost it at home. A change is certainly coming over the spirit of the French dramatic dream. All the insensitive cosmopolitanism of Paris is not proof against it. For it is only part of a whole nation's movement towards its own native traditions and habits of mind, which foreign and unnatural and morbid influences have been troubling for more than one generation.

Ibsen lasted but a season, and now naturalists and *intellectuels* find they have overstayed their welcome and must be packing, with Symbolists and Decadents and all the other shadows of dreadful night. Exotic subjects and treatment, scene decoration and ballet, have not been enough to keep going the opera and theatre which American money was supposed to subsidize for the bringing of novel art to Paris. The former success of Henry Bataille, with the continued countenance of the official Comédie-Française, and all his scintillations of lyric sentiment have not been enough to keep in favor splendidly acted parts which represent abnormal, unbalanced, hysterical, improbable human beings. Bernstein's matchless command of stage art has not held the public, which was expected to follow after him.

Take out all foreigners who are desperately resolved to be Parisian according to their preconceived ideal of what is Parisian; eliminate all Parisians whose snobbishness sets them running after every new fashion; and there remains this native public which may be

despised, but which is necessary to the theatre's support, material and mental and moral. If any one says the passing season has been bad for the theatre, seek the cause no further. This necessary public is simply and spontaneously showing its dislike for plays which do not please it. And, with equal heartiness, it shows its liking where a play happens to please.

For once, the French Academy seems to be in agreement with the public. It has elected Alfred Capus, popular playwright for French people, to the chair of Henri Poincaré, who was a genius and master of mathematics for the whole world. It might be too much to call Capus a genius, and not all his pieces are equally popular; but he is more than a playwright. No French writer so completely represents the average Frenchman—orderly from an old, minute, refined civilization; nourished on the old humanities, in whose routine the art emotions of the world have run ever since Greece and Rome set the example; knowing the sorrows as well as the elation of our day's society, which lives for money and the pleasure money can buy; kindly, gay even as the untainted French have always been, in his outlook on life.

"L'Institut de Beauté," the piece of Alfred Capus which has had a half-year's run at the Théâtre des Variétés, is not one of his best; but it is good and representative of many things in this new spirit which is the old. Nowadays we are all of us *bourgeois*—middle-class—seeking more or less laughably to rise. Monsieur and Madame Lagraine are prosperous wallpaper merchants in mid-Paris; but they aspire—he to literature, and she, like a dutiful French wife, to pushing her husband. They change their comfortable, well-ordered life and seek society in fashionable hotels. Like the prudent *bourgeois* they are, they soon find 100,000 francs a year of expenses cannot be made to balance with 20,000 francs of receipts. Then the rich uncle of their expectations, who has always been dying, starts up serene and whole in body and mind, dispensing with his doctor by a sort of French Christian Science. Altogether, they try to raise the wind by opening an Institute of Beauty to heal the ravages of society among its devotees. Madame keeps her head when she turns one lady's complexion too ruddy—"That's our fashion this season!" But she also keeps her eye on her husband, whose poetry amid these fine ladies is particularly dangerous—until she seizes and brings him back, for safety and affection's sake, to *bourgeois* life and wall-papers.

There is no thesis to the play; but it is a kindly satire on the social incoherence of the times. And it is very *bourgeois* in the good sense—for it has noth-

ing to do with Philistines—just as Brieux, who is also a member of the French Academy, is *bourgeois*. To his new piece at the Odéon, Brieux has even given the name, "Le Bourgeois aux champs."

The educated, rich inhabitant of a city, with a fortune from business—for this is really all that is meant by *bourgeois*—instead of aspiring socially, dreams of revolution in society, turns Socialist, and goes to grass; that is, he goes to live in the country with his wife and daughter, to do good, as the dilettante kind of Socialists understand social good. He takes for his chauffeur a bright young fellow who is just out of prison, where he had been sent for fighting a country policeman. Then he tries to get the peasants to drink boiled water and give up alcohol. And his daughter tries to marry a young landed proprietor of the region. Of course, the peasants teach him a thing or two; the young landed proprietor will not marry his daughter, and the father gives her to wife to the chauffeur, and himself goes into politics. But he keeps his château and turns his back on peasants, who find it odd he should like the country better than riches in the city. It is all very much like Balzac's "Paysans"—and it is another revival of very native French comedy and sentiment.

Another sign of the way the wind is blowing may be seen in the return, popular and fashionable, to a very French style of opéra bouffe. The Variétés, which has been reviving Offenbach for several years, has taken for its second half-year the "Merveilleuses" of Sardou, transformed by Paul Ferrier to music of Hugo Félix. Offenbach was not a Frenchman, but he was a genuine Parisian of Empress Eugénie's time, and court emotions swayed to his strains. So Hugo Félix is an Hungarian, cradled to music by the blue Danube of Johann Strauss; but he has drunk the latest brand of Parisine, and no wonder if his sprightly sonorities tickle French nerves in this changing period of the republic. For it is still Sardou that really counts, and he is native French enough for the most exacting Nationalist.

The play is of the society that amused itself after Robespierre was guillotined and the worst of the Revolution was over—a time of reaction. It was represented for the first time in 1873—in the reaction from the Commune. And now, disguised as operetta, it comes back when French society is again swinging to reaction. Five sets of police have to dart on and off the stage and save the Republic, one and indivisible, from these elegant and gallant and earnest Muscadins and Merveilleuses.

Sardou as a bashful boy was led out to dance by the compassionate widow of Le Bas, who was Robespierre's comrade in life and death. La Montansier, who

founded the Variétés, had her own neck saved from the guillotine by their death, and she thankfully steered her theatre along genuine French lines, to which it still keeps. Beaumarchais indicated them, first writing his "Barbier de Séville" as an opéra-comique, and then rewriting it as a comédie-vaudeville. This reaction keeps time with others—patriotism; art, from ballet to furniture; literature; and, it has to be said, sports. Men and women who go in for motoring and golf, aeroplanes, and boxing matches are no more capable of sitting through Ibsen—the object of Paris curiosity twenty years since—than Louis the Fourteenth's fencing courtiers who had seen the wars would have been.

Alfred Capus, in his weekly "Courrier de Paris," has told how far, both up and down, all this reaction of which the drama is the sign may extend:

Shall the energy this generation shows push it back to Catholic unity or, overlooking religious questions, consecrate it to Patriotic worship alone? We can hardly see that it thinks of any other than these two directions—and it still hesitates between them. I know there is also a Socialist youth, but it has suffered its banner to be shut up among financiers—and without a banner there is no making enthusiasts.

But—as Capus notes elsewhere—we have also "the neurasthenia of the cinema—all that debauch of emotions on a background of sadness, which characterizes the strenuous life." S. D.

A PLAY OF REVOLT.

The Idol Breaker. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25 net.

This is the third play in the series of seven, for seven players, of which "The Servant in the House" and "The Winter Feast" were the first two. The subject of it is Freedom, and, like the preceding works of the same author, it is marked by uncommon literary ability, vivid characterization, and intense if not always profoundly philosophical earnestness. In many ways it is a notable addition to the rapidly growing list of the modern printed drama, and it might even be successful on the stage if actors capable of interpreting it in the right spirit could be found. It has a message, and delivers it potently.

But it has the defects of its virtues. In his zeal for the cause of the proletariat and the brotherhood of man, Mr. Kennedy seems to ignore the fact that in the social economy there are productive agencies besides physical labor. There are many kinds and degrees of workmanship, and not all the workers are unrewarded. Actually, he deals with only one phase of an enormously complicated question, and it is extremely doubtful, to say the least, whether the social revolution, of the kind suggested

in his allegory, with all the workers self-dependent, rid of all their real or imaginary shackles, would bring about the millennium. The weaker still would go to the wall. This is the crucial and hard fact that all socialistic and anarchical enthusiasts of Mr. Kennedy's imaginative and emotional type always fail to take into full account. Their vision is obscured by their faith and their ideals. This is why in this piece, in which he poses as a seer as well as a dissector and satirist of the body politic, he is more impressive as a dramatist than as a prophet. Nevertheless, there is a body of historical fact at the bottom of his thesis, and enough actual unrest in the world to exempt him from the charge of being a mere sensationalist.

The scene of his drama, which is wholly symbolical, is a forge, the workshop of the world, and his hero, Adam the blacksmith, typifies all the creative labor since the beginning. The place, Little Boswell, is anywhere within the confines of modern civilization, although many of the references point unmistakably to the United States. Adam, the producer, in furious revolt against the organized system which, as he sees it, dooms him to perpetual labor for the benefit of others, is in the mood to smash things. He has been cast out by the Constituted Sons of Freedom as a crazy revolutionist when he denounced them as a community of slaves. To him, in the guise of a woman of the high road, clad in red, comes the spirit of Freedom, Naomi, who revives in him the memory of previous incarnations, his successive forms of servitude, his futile insurrections and renewed abasement. She tells him of the golden cities built by the workers of bygone ages and of the joys of individual liberty in wide spaces on the uplands, and helps him, in a scene full of broad humor and satire, to discomfit utterly a committee of Little Boswellians, representing the press, the Sunday-school, the law, and capital, appointed to discipline him. He would claim Naomi as his mate, but is confronted by the Wastrel Jake—the spirit of Hate—who explains that he has been her constant associate. This Naomi admits, but adds that to him she has ever been barren, and warns Adam that he will be lost if he listens to so evil a counsellor. Jake taunts Adam with his slavery, saying that he can be no mate to Freedom, who is royal, and urges him to seek his only possible satisfaction in violence; but the Smith rejects that temptation, declaring that he will seize Freedom for his own, by virtue of his self-mastership, and start with her to build new cities in remote regions, subject only to divine law. Naomi thereupon acknowledges Adam as her true spouse, but leaves him to continue her mission on the highway, while Jake,

defeated, perishes. The curtain falls upon an intimation that the theories of Adam (who is also Charles Rann Kennedy) have prevailed at last in Little Boswell, where hereafter individualism will be supreme, and paradise on earth attained.

It would be easy to deride this play as the product of an anarchical rhapsodist. The generalizations in it are violent and the philosophy visionary. But the evils which it assails, and the proposed remedy for them, the acquirement by the laboring classes of equal rights and perfect individual liberty, in an evangelical spirit of brotherly love, is, if somewhat Utopian, altogether praiseworthy and legitimate. Unfortunately for the great mass of mankind, equal opportunities for all would mean little without an accompanying equality in character and brains. But the idea is a large one, and Mr. Kennedy has illustrated it with imaginative and dramatic ability and an adroit combination of symbolism and realism. His dialogue is simple and vigorous, and his three principal figures, Adam, Naomi, and Jake, are striking studies. A sketch of the yellow journalist, Snark, is a bit of savage but truthful satire. The technical workmanship of the play, the entire action of which occurs without break in the two and a half hours of its actual representation, is exceedingly skilful.

MARGARET ANGLIN IN SHAKESPEARE.

The notable points in Margaret Anglin's revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," in the Hudson Theatre, were in the stage management rather than the acting. The "Induction" was omitted—although an admirable Sly might have been found in Fuller Mellish—and the rest of the text was treated with scant reverence. But the piece was dressed and mounted with liberality and good taste, both scenery and costumes being artistic in an uncommon degree, while the action was smooth and rapid—proving careful and prolonged rehearsal—and the grouping exceedingly effective. In the general interpretation, however, the dominant mood was one of recklessness and often undignified farce, the chief aim, apparently, being to compel laughter by the sheer extravagance of the situations. There is abundant theatrical precedent, of course, for treating the play in this fashion, which doubtless offers the easiest road to popular success. "The Shrew" is not a masterpiece demanding the profoundest respect, but it does possess some of the qualities of romantic comedy, and these deserve a consideration which was not accorded them on this occasion. Miss Anglin, overlooking the supposed social condition of Katharina, depicted her as a virago of an essentially common order. Her impersonation had broad humor and vigor, but little of the manner appropriate to a daughter of a merchant prince of Padua. Katharina, in her maddest fits, ought not to be entirely

unmindful of the dignity of her class. It is this, indeed, which should distinguish her from the common herd of scolds and give her increased dramatic significance. But Miss Anglin pitched her performance in a strident key and her company followed her lead. Eric Blind's exertions as Petruchio sometimes left him breathless and inarticulate, and what might have been a capital performance was spoiled for want of a little moderation. The best bits of individual acting were the Grumio of Max Montesole and the Pedant of Fuller Mellish. As a pictorial stage frolic the whole affair was very well managed and often highly amusing, but there was not much of the Shakespearean essence about it.

And the same remark is true, with minor reservations, of Miss Anglin's revival of "Twelfth Night." In this, too, a production notably good in some respects was spoiled for the true Shakespeare lover by the buffoonery—some of it doubtless rooted in theatrical tradition—imported into the scenes of broader comedy by some of the principal performers. One would suppose that there was enough of liquorish humor in Sir Toby Belch as he appears upon the printed page to supply the needs of any comic actor. Moreover, he is, as Shakespeare drew him, not only comic, but richly and entirely human. But with the accumulations of stage "business" centring upon him, in the course of years, he has been converted into a grossly impossible figure only fit for the circus. And in recent times there has not been a more violent expositor of him than Mr. Sidney Greenstreet, who played the part with all the license of burlesque, bellowing throughout like a bull of Bashan and indulging in all the old and some new extravagances. Of course, he provoked careless laughter and applause, but he hopelessly vulgarized and denaturalized the whole character. Wallace Widdecombe was more nearly human as Aguecheek, and therefore less open to criticism, but he also sometimes forced eccentricity to the boundaries of burlesque. Max Montesole played the Clown with welcome moderation and a clear if not highly developed appreciation of the Shakespearean humor.

The delightful episode of the beguilement of Malvolio was nearly spoiled by the excessive zeal of Miss Lillian Thurgate, who converted Maria—that delightful creation, instinct with Puckish mischief—into a shrill servant girl, whose artificial cachinnations caused exasperation, not merriment. But the Malvolio of Fuller Mellish was a delightfully ripe and artistic performance, sound in conception and finished in execution. Comic, it yet had the right quality of self-respect in its fantastic dignity, with a capacity for pathos and passion. It was a fine bit of Shakespearean interpretation, if not remarkable for brilliancy or inventiveness. Miss Anglin, though not physically well qualified for Viola, played the part with evident appreciation, and succeeded admirably in the scenes with Orsino and Olivia, but she followed a bad precedent in burlesquing the duel scene, which properly, of course, should be given in the vein of comedy. A word of praise is due to the Orsino of Pedro de Cordoba and the Olivia of Ruth Holt Boucicault. The

scenery and costumes were of high artistic quality. J. R. T.

"A PAIR OF SIXES."

The new play by Edward Peple, which opened at Frazee's Longacre Theatre last week, has suffered perhaps from the enthusiastic encomiums of the daily press. It is an amusing farce, but it does not arouse the side-splitting merriment that we were led to expect by some of the critiques published after its première. The play cannot, however, be held responsible if it fails to match exactly the promise held out by critics who, after a succession of disastrous failures, were perhaps inclined to be over-indulgent in the presence of an undeniable success.

Mr. Peple has conceived of an excellent idea, the innate absurdity of which only commends it for farcical purposes. The two partners of a successful pill industry, failing to agree on any subject, call in the assistance of their lawyer. The partnership cannot be dissolved, for neither one will buy out the other; so the lawyer, in order that the farce may proceed to its appointed conclusion, hits on the device of deciding by a single hand of poker which partner shall continue to conduct the business for a year, and which shall serve the winner in a menial capacity during that period. A pair of sixes in the hand of George B. Nettleton gives him the advantage, and enables the author in the second act to present to us T. Boggs John in the capacity of his partner's butler.

The possibilities of the situation are obvious, and Mr. Peple has on the whole made good use of them. The play has one conspicuous merit in that the interest increases throughout and the last act is the best of the three. There are moments of dullness, notably in those scenes in which Nettleton's wife predominates, but there are a number of laughable situations and many good lines, and the climax, in which the subtle Boggs John, under the inspiration of his astute fiancée (well played by Miss Ann Murdock), delivers himself from servitude by his attentions to his master's wife, is ingenious. The play is well cast throughout, and George Parsons and Hale Hamilton are excellent as the two partners, while an individual success is made by Miss Maude Eburne as Coddles, the English maid-of-all-work. If we are prepared to grant that the natural destiny of our native farce is to be developed through a crescendo of noise, "A Pair of Sixes" thoroughly deserves the success that it promises to enjoy. We may, however, make the mental reservation that a certain amount of subtlety is not incompatible with the true spirit of farce. S. W.

"MARRYING MONEY."

As an experiment on definite lines, "Marrying Money," by Washington Pezet and Bertram Marburgh, which opened at the Princess Theatre on Wednesday of last week, is not without interest. For it is evident that the authors have studied French domestic comedy, and have attempted to discover an American equivalent for what has long served in France to centre drama of this class—jealousy. If in developing the American's love of

money—the theme hit upon—and the position which it brings, the writers have resorted to marked exaggeration, that is no great sin in itself. Even such a strong piece as "Divorçons" is the essence of the improbable. But if extravagant, a domestic comedy, to please, must have compensations, such as sheer charm or subtle satire. It is the absence of these which makes "Marrying Money" an insignificant work. There are, besides, plenty of marks of the amateur. Important confessions are repeatedly forestalled by fortuitous arrivals, and, in general, the exits and entrances are clumsy.

It is not necessary to recount the plot, which hinges on the mistake made by a girl and a young man who are marrying each other for the money which each supposes that the other possesses, though the element of fascination is not entirely lacking. The climax is reached, after an elopement abetted by the girl's mother and by the youth's chum, when the time comes to pay the hotel bill. A Wall Street broker, who is also a baseball fan, a French count who is in love with the heroine and who, as it turns out, has money of his own, add to the rough satire. As yet another product, at least indirectly, of Professor Baker's course in dramatic composition, the play indicates that instructive experiments are going on at Cambridge. F.

NOTES.

Dr. Karl Holl, of the University of Liverpool, in his little book, "Gerhart Hauptmann: His Life and His Works" (McClurg), has given a succinct and fairly readable account of the most prominent of contemporary German dramatists. Dr. Holl in his preface hints at possible traces of foreign idioms in his style, which, indeed, he has not wholly avoided. He twice uses the word "novel" when he means *Novelle*, speaks in one place of "naturalism," and on page 32 is guilty of a sentence which is simply not English at all. The most valuable thing about the book is the information concerning the many points of contact between Hauptmann's life and his works. The author has gone carefully into this matter and has brought to light a number of facts which even students of Hauptmann may not have known before. A short summary is given of the contents of the plays, which are divided for sake of convenience into social dramas, family dramas, and fairy dramas, though the classification is not quite consistently carried out. On questions of general criticism Dr. Holl is less satisfactory. He says that plastic imagination is the essential feature of Hauptmann's mind, which is doubtless true. He also adds that he is a dramatic genius, which is certainly false. He fails to comment effectively on Hauptmann's great weakness—his lack of motive power, of true dramatic nerve. Nor does he have anything to say about Hauptmann's failure to improve upon his own early successes. It is just this failure to develop which has made him, on the whole, a disappointing figure. Most people will agree with the author in ranking "Die Weber" as the best of the social dramas and, indeed, of all the plays. Whether

"Der Biberpelz" is "the best modern comedy in German literature" is more doubtful. There are several plays of Anzengruber to be considered. The book is furnished with a very serviceable bibliography.

"The Fugitive" (Scribner), by John Galsworthy, is written, of course, with definite purpose, much literary skill, and evident sincerity; but, in spite of its cleverness and vigor, it is an unsatisfactory work. The chief object of it, apparently, is to demonstrate the iniquitous effect of the English marriage and divorce law in holding a discontented wife to an irksome contract; but the argument, in effect, if not in intention, seems to favor experimental wedlock or free love. The heroine, bred in a poor country vicarage, is the wife of a prosperous business man. She is aspiring and imaginative; he completely conventional. Soon, without having any positive cause of complaint, she comes to regard him with contempt and physical aversion. One of her friends, a Bohemian socialistic journalist, preaches liberty to her, and urges her to break her bond. Finally, she deserts her husband with the view to making her own living, refusing absolutely to accept a separate maintenance, on the ground that she will not take money for which she makes no return. Unable to support herself, she seeks out the journalist and offers to become his mistress. With him she lives until her husband sues for divorce and damages. Realizing that this means ruin to her lover, and being assured that the suit will be withdrawn if she parts from him, she again takes up the battle of life, only to meet with renewed defeat, until, in despair, she resolves to sell herself to the first comer. On the race-course she finds ready admirers, but at the last moment she commits suicide before taking the fatal plunge. It is a sordid and painful tale, most vividly related, with many strokes of descriptive and dramatic genius, but the effect of it is unsympathetic, because the fate of the unfortunate woman is plainly not the inevitable result of law or circumstance, but of her own defective will or character. It is tolerably clear that she would have fretted under the restrictions of any form of matrimonial relationship in which the partner fell short of her fancy. As an illustration of the danger and folly of improvident marriage, and the unfitness of a girl of no specific education to fight the world single handed, it has its moral, but not one of much originality or value.

The English Elizabethan Literary Society is about to try the experiment of producing a series of classical English plays which have not been publicly presented during the present generation. The programme for the first season will consist of Greene and Lodge's "Looking Glass for London and England," Addison's "Drummer," and Dryden's "All For Love."

"The Mob," by John Galsworthy, is to be produced by Miss Horniman at the London Gaiety next month. Its hero is a "pro-Boer," who is mobbed in the closing scene by a "mafficking" crowd. The

production of such a play is a remarkable sign of changed popular feeling. Not many years ago Mr. Galsworthy and Miss Horniman themselves would have been mobbed if they had attempted any such thing.

Another London playhouse, the Little Theatre, is relieving the monotony of dramatic representations by a series of lectures or *causeries*. "Olympus in London," "Arcadia in London," "Athens in London," and "Parnassus in London," are the titles of lectures by Prof. Patrick Geddes so far arranged for. Lecturers of European reputation will afterwards be invited, with the object of linking the theatre with intellectual movements on the Continent.

Marie Jansen, the operetta singer, who died on March 20, was born in Boston, and made her debut there in 1881, at the Park Theatre. She was the original Iolanthe in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta in this country, and later played for several years with the McCaull Opera Company in "The Black Hussar," "The Beggar Student," and other operettas. One of her greatest successes was in "The Oolah" with Francis Wilson, and in "Erminie." Miss Jansen also created the title rôle of "Featherbrain" in London with Sir Charles Wyndham.

Music

PADEREWSKI IN AMERICA.

Paderewski's ninth American tour is nearing its end. His first appearance in New York was made on November 17, 1891. He had previously won favor in Paris and London, and while some of the New York critics qualified their first praise with ifs and buts, the public was conquered at once. After two concerts with orchestra in Carnegie Hall he began a series of recitals in the Madison Square Garden concert hall; but this was soon found to be too small, and he had to return to the largest hall in the city. In less than six months he gave 117 recitals throughout the country. The following season he returned for a shorter tour, embracing 67 recitals, which was a record-breaking financial as well as artistic success. Some have estimated that he has earned nearly a million and a half of American dollars.

These figures are of interest not only as showing that a pianist may be as great and as prosperous a popular idol as any prima donna or tenor, but as indicating that the genius of the greatest of living pianists is thoroughly appreciated here. "Paderewski audience" has long been a synonym for capacity audience, and the enthusiasm at his recitals exceeds that to be witnessed even in the opera house. There is something exciting, even thrilling, in the shouts of joy that often go up, not only from a miscellaneous audience attracted by the glamour of his name, but from

a staid and dignified Boston Symphony audience, which would resent any exhibition of charlatanry or sensationalism. Of such things Paderewski shows not a trace, and that is one of the marvels of his sensational success, maintained throughout a quarter of a century.

Many professional musicians wish he would stop playing. He has established such a lofty standard that others must despair of reaching it. Joseffy once remarked to his class in the National Conservatory of New York that Paderewski differs from other pianists in being a genius. Like the only two other men who have reached his heights—Liszt and Rubinstein—he is a creator as well as an interpreter, which explains the difference—a difference not only in degree but in kind. He has composed a symphony and a number of piano pieces and songs equal to the best written by his contemporaries; also an opera which is the most inspired dramatic work composed since "Carmen," with the exception of "Parsifal." His concerto, which he has just been playing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, created everywhere a sensation—a delight mingled with astonishment that this superb work should be neglected by other pianists. Why should rivals add to his laurels? one might ask; but the rivals and colleagues of the greatest of violinists, Fritz Kreisler, often play his pieces. The eminent English pianist, Katharine Goodson, is an exception among pianists. She played the Paderewski concerto in New York a few weeks before he played it, and she did it well, though it is needless to say that she did not bring out all the details with the stereoscopic vividness he himself gave them.

Schopenhauer and Lombroso have commented on the conspiracies of mediocrity against genius. From such conspiracies Paderewski also has suffered, for musical success hath charms to rouse the savage breast. Fifteen years ago the small fry of musicians began to cry: "He has lost his grip." He did lose his grippe, fortunately, but this season he returned with neuritis, which nearly frustrated his tour. For two weeks its beginning was delayed. At his first recital of the season in Aeolian Hall, he played like one inspired from above—but not at the beginning. He was forty minutes late, had been annoyed, and showed it by hitting at the piano like an irate athlete. It did not last long, but the enemy next day raised a great clamor, crying: "Paderewski does not play any more; he pounds." It was useless to point out that Beethoven, when in a stormy mood, was accused of pounding; that Liszt sometimes broke two or three strings; that

Rubinstein, when in a tragic, leonine, orchestral mood, would fret and fume and wish he had twenty pianos to play on; that it is to these moods that we owe the sonorous pianos of our time, as they compelled the manufacturers to live up to them.

Beside this farce there was enacted a serious melodrama which might have had serious consequences. Paderewski was accused of having contributed \$20,000 to a Polish newspaper which has been making war on Jews. In consequence of this, hand-bills were distributed in various cities, signed by Jewish associations, urging music lovers not to help him to send more money to aid a cause which led to the slaughter of Jews. Threats were made, also, of bodily injury or death, and in several cities the halls were watched by detectives during Paderewski's recitals. He finally put an end to this annoying situation by taking oath before a California notary public that he had never contributed any money to the paper in question. Educated Jews, it is needless to say, were not deterred by these accusations from attending his recitals any more than they were, a generation ago, from crowding to the operas of Wagner because of his two foolish anti-Semitic pamphlets. Most of them doubtless felt like the banker who had in his library a bust of Wagner with a rope round the neck—the bust to attest his devotion to the musician, the rope to indicate what he thought of his opinions.

While Paderewski has added no new pieces to his programmes, he has played the compositions he loves most—those of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt—more eloquently than ever. Already he has played six times in New York, and each performance seemed greater than its predecessors. He usually looks pale, and often suffers from the neuritis which compelled him to spend a fortnight in the baths in California. How, under the circumstances, he can add nearly an hour of extras to a two-hour programme, as he did at his fourth recital, is a mystery.

HENRY T. FINCK.

The Oxford University Musical Club recently held its one thousandth meeting. Its programme contained one unique item, the playing of a Mozart sonata, arranged as a duet for two pianofortes by Dean Strong, the present Vice-Chancellor, and Dr. Heberden, his predecessor in office.

A five days' Beethoven festival is to be held in the Queen's Hall next month, at which all the Beethoven symphonies and pianoforte concertos are to be performed. Henri Verbrugghen is to conduct.

A scheme is under way for an Arthurian festival at Glastonbury—the Avalon of tradition—in August. Three perform-

ances will be given of "The Birth of Arthur," the first of a cycle of Arthurian dramas written by Reginald R. Buckley and composed by Rutland Boughton. The Beecham orchestra will coöperate. A temporary theatre will be built, to serve for four or five years.

Art

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The eighty-ninth exhibition of the National Academy of Design shows in the main the same distinguishing features that for some years past have characterized it. There is, however, nothing surprising or disheartening in this fact, since the artists concerned are maintaining their standards and meanwhile are posing neither as revolutionists nor as prestidigitators in paint. Even the fact that a wanderer fresh from the Paris salons, taking in the Exhibition as a whole, might think it tight in handling, somewhat old-fashioned in aspect, and not exciting, need not be regarded as final or decisive, in view of the chaotic and overwrought condition of French art at the present time.

In truth—despite cramped quarters that have not grown to suit its needs, and despite the merry jests that are flung at it—we may as well acknowledge that the Academy is a conservative force of importance among artists and in the community. For the artists it signifies a sort of inner circle of their kind, in which they are glad to be included and from which they are gratified to receive recognition. For the public it means the opportunity to note the progress of artists with whom it is already familiar, and to make the acquaintance of newcomers as they appear. The intelligent visitor also realizes that by keeping in touch with this organization he now and again enjoys the pleasure of seeing the early efforts of exceptional talent. Then, too, such fortunate occasional experiences as this last have a tendency to create on the part of the observer a sort of buoyant, subconscious expectation of some day encountering on the Academy walls the great American genius who is to overshadow all past artistic efforts and thereby enlighten all those that are to come.

Apparently, as I have said, this is not the year for any such remarkable manifestation; yet there is more than one indication in this hanging that the artists are fully alive to the existence of the professional problems of the hour, and that they are independently considering them according to their best judgment. The result is good, honest work, which for a number of reasons is of varying degrees of interest and excellence.

That there may be excellence without great interest is sometimes due to

the proneness of some artists to confine themselves, wholly or for the most part, to the variations of their past successes. Granted that a congenial subject, with a fortunate mode of expressing it, offers temptations, the artist with but one picture to put on his canvas speedily becomes as monotonous as the writer with but one story to tell. To cite an instance of this exhibition, there is Couse's Indian picture, *The Beaded Bag*. It may be called a good Couse, to be sure, but, speaking from memory, I can scarcely see that it has changed this year from the pose, the firelight, the pottery of other such pictures by him; even the shape and size of the canvas seem the same. Other examples of the kind are Richard Miller's lady pouring tea, with sunlight and foliage accompaniments, and Shurtleff's wood interiors—beautiful though they unquestionably are. On the other hand, when a painting of a certain kind makes but a minor part of the artist's equipment and is preëminently well done, then a new example of the old subject is quite welcome; for example, Chase's still-life of fish and the big copper kettle. Near by hangs his excellent portrait of Professor Taylor, to demonstrate conclusively his ability in an entirely different direction.

Probably the charm of the unexpected has helped to centre continued attention upon the work of George Bellows, who is given to seeking new fields for his art. On this occasion he has achieved a notable success and has received the Isaac N. Maynard prize for his full-length portrait of Dr. William Oxley Thompson. The doctor is of the class, now appearing often in portraiture, that is entitled to the dignity of the academic gown; but he wears his with a difference, for, thanks to Mr. Bellows's skill, the robe, despite its voluminous folds and the richness of its purple bands, is made of subordinate importance to the man who wears it. The pose is well taken to express self-confidence, which is further emphasized by the rugged strength of the ably painted head, and the grays and blacks that predominate throughout are managed with easy freedom; yet, though possessed of so much excellence, the portrait does not escape a crudity that distinguishes it from great work.

The zone of prizes, which lies chiefly in the neighborhood of this portrait, holds a number of pictures worthy of attention. The Inness prize has been given to Robert Spencer, an artist who has attracted commendation of late by his ability to give artistic interest to the native ugliness of factory buildings and their drear surroundings. The prize-winning picture is of the factory style of architecture, though called *The White Tenement*. Oddly enough, the tumble-down, shiftless shanties that cling about

the orderly, box-like building in the centre of the canvas, seem the least forlorn and most habitable part of the scene. The composition of the picture, its calm, decided grays and clear reflections in the water of the foreground, and, above all, the precision and shape of the paint stroke, make a style not unlike that of Sisley of early Impressionist fame.

Just next to this cool, gray-toned picture hangs Jonas Lie's *Afterglow*, which received the first Hallgarten prize, and on the other side the *Portrait*, by Cecilia Beaux, which received the Saltus medal. The first-mentioned picture is a view of the lighted city from the river just before twilight. It is beautiful in color and most interesting in pattern, with perhaps a trifle too insistent a feeling of lingering hurly-burly, bred of spots and smoke; which is to say that Mr. Lie's vigorous painting suits the rush of the morning hours rather better than evening. Miss Beaux has painted convincingly the portrait of a woman steadfast and true; there are excellent qualities in the work beyond question, but just why another medal should be added to her already long list, for a painting in which the light so distracts, is hard to understand. Sloan Bredin's *Midsummer* is another prize-winner—a quiet decorative, tapestry-like landscape, noticeable because of the rendering of the warm, over-cast aspect of summer heat. Near by hangs J. Alden Weir's portrait of Miss L., a fine example of his style, which puts within the limits of a narrow range of color both refinement and strength. In another room is the *Odalisque*, by Beatrice Whitney, to whom has been given the Shaw Memorial prize. The name of the artist is a new one to me, but she has the painter's eye and touch. There are personality and character in the rendering of her Oriental model, but going with these saving qualities is an unnecessary dinginess in the shadows of the dusky flesh.

In landscape there are several pictures that from their subjects might be regarded as a modern reincarnation of the grand style of Church and Bierstadt of the early Hudson River School. In those old days they put on canvas *The Heart of the Andes*, the *Yosemite Valley*, and the *Falls of Niagara*; to-day William Wendt has painted *Mountain Infinity*; Dewitt Parshall, the *Grand Cañon*; Edward Potthast, *Illecilewaet Glacier*, and Carl Rungius, the *Canadian Rockies*. The likeness, however, is but seeming; the difference between the old style and the new is evident. These latter artists do not take their grand subjects with the idea that the more awe-inspiring the subject, the more noble the picture, but simply with the quite legitimate desire to express their understanding of nature's great moods by the artistic means of line and color. The result

is interesting, not topographical, but, after all, touches only superficially the mysterious, forceful characteristics that make the mountains and the cañon tremendous aspects of nature. It is a curious fact that the sea, which can be in nature no less awe-inspiring than the mountains, does not hold itself so aloof from satisfactory pictorial interpretation. Paul Dougherty's *Foam on the Rocks* gives expression to the force and movement of the waves; Howard Butler's marine reveals the beauty of the play of sunlight; or, by way of contrast, there is the quiet, gently lapping sea about Louise Brumback's *Green Boat* and Hayley Lever's *St. Ives Harbor*, with rich, strong color in water and shore.

For restful calm Gardner Symons's *Winter Evening* is attractive. Here confused shadows seem unnecessary. There are simple masses of color, a wintry sky with a gleam of yellow that is cold as steel, and a stream where the water is coldly clear and moving slowly—only a few well-marked reflections; it seems simple, but with such means he has embodied the very spirit of the close of a clear, cold winter day.

This year for the first time, I believe, the Exhibition includes two cases of miniatures containing the work of members of the American Society of Miniature Painters. The catalogue list shows this Society much feminized, which fact confirms the popular belief of long standing that this branch of art is especially suited to women. And, though it may be reactionary, let it be said in passing that Miss Cockroft's over-large nudes and staring pillow arrangements in the Vanderbilt Room do not convincingly refute that old idea. Time was, however, when artists as strong and masculine as Holbein did not disdain to busy themselves with this delicate work. The miniatures shown are for the most part portraits; among the many, those by Helen Turner and Gertrude Bushnell are noticeable for the excellence of the drawing and the method of using color. Cecil Jay's more elaborate *Le Billet Doux* is dainty and Frenchy in style, with an air of Watteau's time, despite the stiffness of the composition.

As for sculpture, one would say the sculptors had all betaken themselves to San Francisco to work for the approaching Fair, there is so little shown to mark their existence—twenty-six pieces all told, and those small and not of unusual significance. Babyhood seems a good deal in evidence among these; Abastenia Eberle's *Big Wave*, with mother and child at play on the seashore; Evelyn James's *Baby Faun Book Ends*—too slight for their task, were it not for the joyous glee with which they undertake it; and Manship's *Renaissance Baby Portrait*, shown already in Philadelphia, but changed now from

plaster to bronze, and rendered even more charming by the change. L. S.

The "Year-Book of Canadian Art, 1913" (Toronto: J. M. Dent & Son), reflects credit both on those who contributed its well-informed and discriminating articles, and also on the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto, which is responsible for its compilation. The "Year-Book of Canadian Art," with the annual "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," offers a satisfactory survey of Canadian achievement in arts and letters. The latter review is, of course, confined to historical work, although history is broadly interpreted. The new year-book reviews the year's output in five sections: literature, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture. This volume contains, in addition to a number of general articles, well-considered reviews of the work of Goldwin Smith, Sir George Ross, Stephen Leacock, in literature; of Augustus Stephen Vogt in music; of A. Suzar-Coté in painting; of Walter Allward in sculpture, and of John A. Pearson in architecture. The Arts and Letters Club has been fortunate in enlisting the services as reviewers of men each of whom has a national reputation in his own field. The illustrations include not only portraits of men and women who have contributed to art and literature during the past year, but also reproductions of some of the more notable works of art, including the fine King Edward Memorial designed by Walter Allward for the national capital.

Wilton Lockwood, portrait painter, who died on March 20, was born in Wilton, Conn., September 12, 1861. After studying in New York under John La Farge, he spent ten years in Paris and a year in Munich. On his return to this country he settled in Boston. Examples of Mr. Lockwood's work hang in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; the Corcoran Gallery, Washington; the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and the Museum of Fine Arts, Worcester.

Finance

THE NEXT CHAPTER.

Briefly summed up, the existing situation, on both home and foreign financial markets, is this: Trade revival has not appeared, as had been hoped when the vigorous Stock Exchange revival came in January. On the contrary, there has occurred a slow relapse into the hesitation and uncertainty of three or four months ago. A feeling of despondency has seized upon the financial and business communities, in which every unpleasant event or possibility is magnified, while every agreeable and reassuring incident is ignored. Yet, with all this existing condition of the financial mind, the stock exchanges, having seemingly completed, for the time at any rate, their reactionary movement of the past six weeks, are cautiously advanc-

ing. The New York market has moved up, in entire absence of any definite news which should stimulate enthusiasm. At London, the price of British consols has risen nearly one full point, on the very heels of last Sunday's extraordinary developments in Ulster and the British army. All this suggests some reëxamination of the financial situation.

To this extent, the present mood of the financial markets is a psychological matter—that it follows a demonstration on the stock exchanges, last January, which at the time convinced the entire financial community that an early and positive change for the better was in store, but which was followed by what seemed to be complete dissipation of such hopes. Taken in conjunction with the present attitude of financial and business markets, the occurrences of January now assume, in the eyes of the financial community, the aspect of something like an unsolved mystery.

Not often in the experience of finance has the forecast of the stock exchanges and money markets been more positively pronounced than it was then. The meaning of the phenomena which were witnessed, on all the principal markets of the world, was unmistakable, if judged by the usual criteria. The changes for the better dealt with the fundamentals. They altered the situation in precisely those quarters of which it had been repeatedly declared, in 1913, that it was from such directions that the first trustworthy sign of return to better markets must be looked for. Furthermore, they were world-wide in their manifestation. Observers who became hopeful at that time are therefore naturally asking now, What did the events of January really mean? Or did they mean nothing at all?

It is still full early to attempt an answer to these questions. What is evident is that the influences which seem to be operating against revival in outside trade are precisely the influences which prevailed last year. The familiar arguments of last autumn are still in the forefront of all financial discussion; but that is only part of the situation. Such counter-arguments as were accepted by Wall Street in December and January—that the Administration was laboring for a peaceful adjustment of governmental disputes with Big Business; that Congress was acting in a conservative and not in a reckless way on current legislation, and that the currency bill's enactment promised much for future stability in finance—have since January been almost wholly abandoned.

Now there are three possible explanations, and only three, as to this curious sequel of events. The markets may have been drawing mistaken inferences as to those events, three months ago. The

good influence of those events may have been superseded by other developments of the day. Or Wall Street may have been right at the opening of the year, but may have abandoned its inferences of that period, because their correctness had not been instantly demonstrated by the movement of prosperity. One of these three explanations will in the end be found to carry the solution of the present perplexities.

In view of the well-known principle that the financial year begins in the early spring, when the new governing influences of a period usually develop, and not with the opening of January, when the general influences of preceding months are usually continued, a further point of interesting conjecture is, what are the new influences that will arise when the new period begins, and how will they bear on the general situation? Briefly summed up, those which are certain to cut a figure in the next few months are the progress of the crops, the decision on railway rates, the arrangements for introducing the new banking system, the conclusion of the legislation of this Congressional session, and, later on, the campaign and vote for the autumn Congressional elections.

In these various and important matters, there are obviously numerous and diverse developments which may be witnessed between now and the year's later months. It is not easy to reason out, on the basis of present evidences, a series of further unfavorable influences in these directions. In the judgment of the grain trade, the present promise of the early wheat crop is exceptionally high; we shall have very definite information on it a month or six weeks hence. The Interstate Commerce Commission's action on the advance in Eastern railway rates may be taken as early as May; it is promised definitely before July. Like all such matters, its probable purport will be in doubt until the decision is handed down. In railway circles, and in a degree at Washington, the trend of opinion seems at the moment to be that part, if not all, of the advance applied for will be approved.

As for the inauguration of the new banking system, much will no doubt depend on the nature of the President's appointments, which should be made within the next few weeks. Much will also depend on the manner in which the banks take a hand in constructing the new reserve institutions. As to this, however, it is to be observed that, since practically all the national banks of the country have committed themselves to the system, and will have 6 per cent. of their capital and surplus invested in the shares of the new regional reserve banks, it will be to their vital interest to make the experiment a quick success.

There will remain, aside from the perfectly inscrutable Mexican complication,

the conclusion of the session's legislation at Washington, and the autumn political campaign. The probabilities as to the one are fairly in view already; the sober and conservative action of the Congressional committees, on the hastily and imperfectly drawn-up "Trust bills," tells the story. As to the other, even the political prophets have not yet begun to conjecture. Wall Street is rarely in the habit of "discounting" matters of that sort, until the preliminary developments are in sight, and election contests in the United States are like the old-fashioned military campaigns in Europe: they do not begin until the traditionally proper moment.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Allen, A. L. *The Message of New Thought*. Crowell. \$1.25 net.
 Anderson, F. I. *Adventures of the Infallible Godahl*. Crowell. \$1 net.
 Autobiography of Thomas Jefferson. Ed. by P. L. Ford. Putnam. \$1.50.
 Baker, Ernest A. *Guide to Historical Fiction*. London: Routledge. \$6 net.
 Baker, G. K. *Haliefa*. Neale. \$1 net.
 Baker, T. *Yard and Garden*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50 net.
 Black, M. R. and M. B. *Elementary Theory of Music*. Boston: Homeyer. 50 cents net.
 Brooks, A. M. *Architecture and the Allied Arts*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50 net.
 Bruce and Wiener. *The Education of Karl Witte*. Crowell. \$1.50 net.
 Clodd, Edward. *The Childhood of the World*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Cook, H. T. *The Borough of the Bronx*. Pub. by Author.
 Cooper, E. *My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard*. Stokes. \$1.50 net.
 Cornelius, O. S. *The Persian Tassel*. Neale. \$1.20 net.
 Dawson, Grace. *How to Rest*. Crowell. 50 cents net.
 Dinwiddie, W. *Essentials of Logic*. Neale.
 Doling, A. M. *Brilla*. Neale. \$1.20 net.
 Dorchester, O. *The Sovereign People*. Eaton & Mains. \$1 net.
 Echegaray, J. *Mariana*. Boni. 75 cents net.
 Emerson. *Autobiographie*. Trans. into French by R. Michaud. Paris: Colin.
 Enriquez, R. de Zayas. *The Case of Mexico*. Trans. by A. Tridon. Boni. \$1.35 net.
 Faguet, Emile. *Initiation into Philosophy*. Trans. by Sir Horne Gordon. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
 French, W. *The Devil's Discharge*. Neale. \$1 net.
 Gettell, R. G. *Problems in Political Evolution*. Ginn. \$2 net.
 Greely, A. W., Major-Gen. *Handbook of Alaska*. Scribner. \$2 net.
 Gulick, S. L. *The American Japanese Problem*. Scribner. \$1.75 net.
 Haldane of Cloan, Viscount. *Higher Nationality*. Dutton. 60 cents net.
 Handel-Mazzetti. *Stephana Schwertner*. Stechert.
 Harland, Marion. *Looking Westward*. Scribner. 50 cents net.
 Hay, J. Macdougall. *Gillespie*. Doran. \$1.40 net.
 Hayward, W. B. *The Commuter's Garden*. Crowell. \$1 net.
 Hazelton, G. C. and Benrimo. *The Yellow Jacket*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1 net.
 Henley, W. E. *Views and Reviews*. London: Nutt.
 Hurd, A. *Our Navy*. London: Warne. 50 cents net.
 Johnson, Robert W. *Poems*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50 net.
 Johnson, S. C. *A History of Emigration from the United Kingdom to North America*. Dutton. \$2 net.

- Kaines Smith, S. C. Greek Art and National Life. Scribner.
- Keller, G. A Village Romeo and Juliet. Trans. by A. C. Bahlmann. Scribner. \$1 net.
- Kleene, A. C. Kirstin. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
- Ledoux, L. V. The Shadow of Aetna. Putnam.
- Lewis, T. A Glossary of Medieval Welsh Law. Manchester: University Press, \$5 net.
- Locke, W. J. The Fortunate Youth. Lane. \$1.35 net.
- Low, Sidney. Egypt in Transition. Macmillan. \$2.50 net.
- MacGrath, Harold. Pidgin Island. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25 net.
- Maclean, J. K. Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South. Adapted from Heroes of the Polar Seas. Crowell. 50 cents net.
- Manchester University Verses. Manchester: University Press. \$1.50 net.
- Marshal, Francis. The Battle of Gettysburg. Neale. \$2 net.
- Morgan, B. S. The Backward Child. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
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